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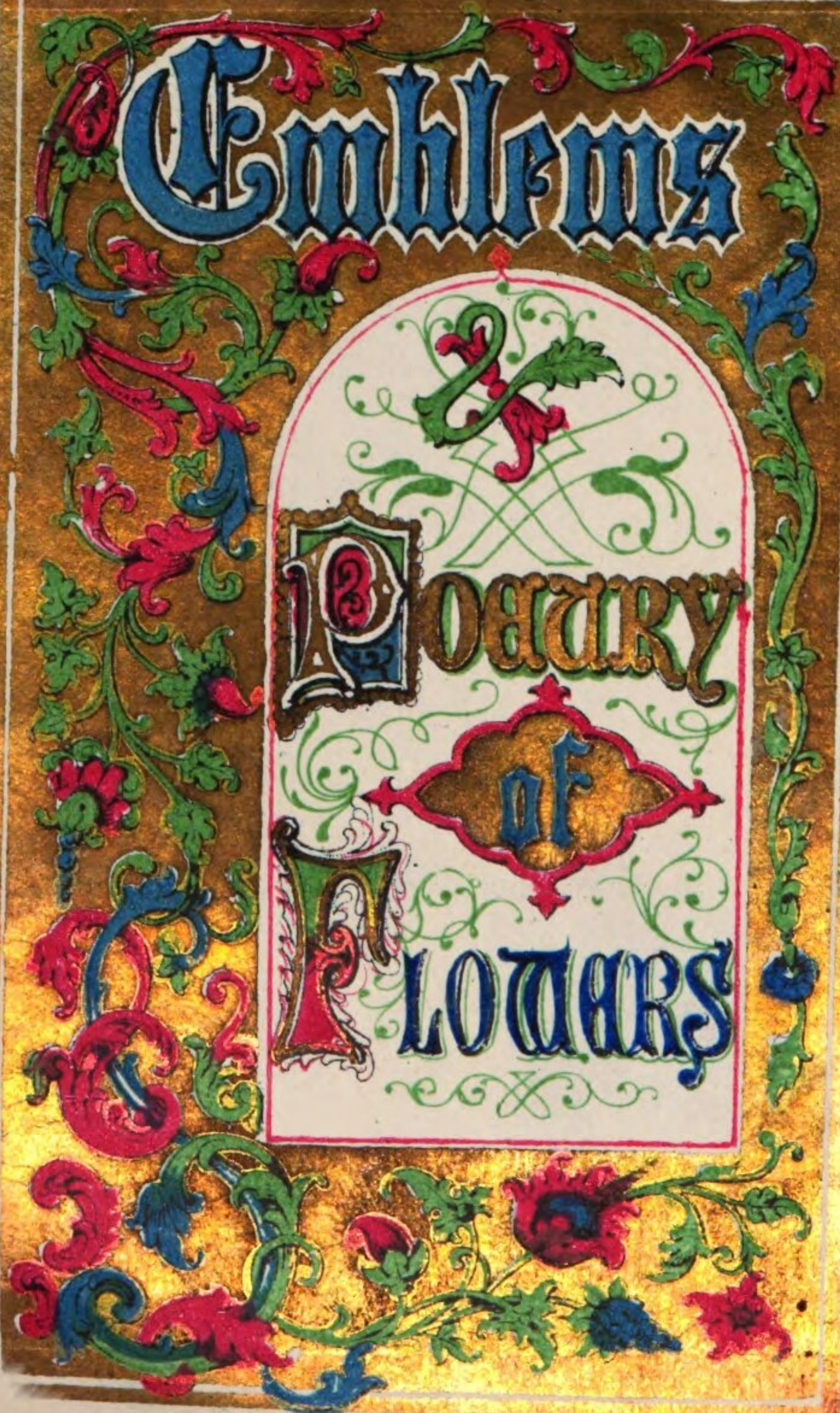


Miss Andt
with the kind regards of
Regina Freund

London, June 1854.

Frau Andt-Blaschke, meine
mütterliche Freundin, schenkte mir
1854 eine Erinnerung für weitere
Fortschritte im Englischen dieses
anregende Bäcklein. 'Einsprung Jahre
später, dieses Mal von einem väter-
lichem Freunde, wird es weiter
gewidmet, und zwar einem, wie
annahmen ist, viel fleißigerem
da weiblichen jungen Wesen, nem-
lich der köstlichen, oder dabei
liebenswürdigen Molly. Möge sie
immer lebenswürdig, aber ranke,
ärmer werden! Berlin, den 6. September 1854
Dr. Barthold Meißner.

10



EMBLEMS

AND

POETRY OF FLOWERS.

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
 The summer's last, full-blown leaf may blow away."

Shakspeare.

LONDON:

JOHN AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND EDINBURGH.

1841.

for 557402

Amherst



J. R. R. & Co. Boston, U.S.A.

CEMBLEMS
AND
POETRY OF FLOWERS.

" Flowers have a soul in every leaf."
Moore

London:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND EDINBURGH.

MDCCCLIII.

for 557402



TO MRS. A. W.

THY heart doth beat in unison with these
Bright gems of Flora's train, thine ear's at-
tuned

To their sweet music, when the summer breeze
Shakes their light bells, ere yet the o'ershadow-
ing trees

Know of the soft caress: thy lips, the fond
Dreams of my childhood, taught me first to link
With Rose-buds, and the Violets, that shrink
So modestly aside, and the Blue-bell
And Thistle, emblems of my native land:
Then scorn not thou this offering at my hand—

The meanest weed may serve love's end as well
As costliest gift, to tell of all he owes;
So that it come fresh from a heart that glows
With filial warmth; therefore the gift approve,
For he, who on thy lap this tribute lays,
Knows that not fortune's lavish hoard repays
Th' unselfish ardour of a mother's love.

D.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
OF THE BOSTON BAR
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ALLEN, 1825.

To the Reader.

THE Language of Flowers is a tongue that finds access to every ear, and strikes a chord of sympathy in every heart. The same lovely blossoms are linked with childhood's recollections of sunshine and mirth, and mingle with the sacred memories of the dead, and the hallowed spot where they are laid. They speak to the dullest, in language that cannot be mistaken, of beauty and innocence, of Divine Benevolence and Love; and no less vividly do they emblem the frailty of man, who "cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down."

This Volume, composed of original and select specimens of the Poetry of Flowers, is offered to the Reader as a humble commentary on the words of their Divine Author,—“Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

EDINBURGH, Dec. 1st, 1844.

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Second main paragraph of handwritten text, continuing the narrative or list.

Third main paragraph of handwritten text, located at the bottom of the page.

Contents.

	Page
Blessed be God for Flowers	<i>Mrs Tinsley.</i> 15
To a Daisy	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 17
The Lily	<i>Anon.</i> 18
Flowers	<i>Clare.</i> 19
To Daffodils	<i>Herrick.</i> 20
Sweet Lavender	<i>Strickland.</i> 21
The Wild Rose	<i>Anon.</i> 22
Song to Diaphenia :	<i>Constable.</i> 23
The Alpine Violet	<i>Byron.</i> 24
To a Mountain Daisy	<i>Burns.</i> 25
The Child and Lily	<i>Bryant.</i> 27
A Mother's Dirge over her Child	<i>Moir.</i> 28
To ———	<i>Byron.</i> 31
The Night-blowing Stock	<i>Anon.</i> 32
The Yellow Violet	<i>Bryant.</i> 34
The Rose, a Ballad	<i>Lowell.</i> 36
Violets	<i>Barton.</i> 38
To Primroses filled with Morning Dew	<i>Herrick.</i> 39
Spare my Flower	<i>Lyte.</i> 41
To the Fringed Gentian	<i>Bryant.</i> 43
The Rose, from Camoens	<i>Anon.</i> 44
Flowers	<i>Longfellow.</i> 45
Heart's Ease	<i>Mrs Sheridan.</i> 47
The Daisy	<i>Montgomery.</i> 48
To a Favourite Polyanthus	<i>G. W.</i> 51
The Rosary	<i>Herrick.</i> 52
Stanzas to Two Early Violets	<i>Anon.</i> 52

	Page
Song	<i>Beaumont.</i> 54
The Poor Man's Flowers ..	<i>Mary Howitt.</i> 55
Love Shut out of the Flower Garden	<i>Mrs Lawrence.</i> 56
The Parting Rose	<i>Z. A.</i> 59
Partings	<i>Anon.</i> 60
Lines suggested by the sight of	
Autumn Flowers	<i>Anon.</i> 60
The Death of the Flowers ..	<i>Bryant.</i> 62
The Token	<i>Lowell.</i> 64
To Celia	<i>Ben Jonson.</i> 66
The First Morning of Spring ..	<i>Sigourney.</i> 67
The Language of Flowers ..	<i>Percival.</i> 68
Spring in Town	<i>Bryant.</i> 69
The Flower Dial	<i>Hemans.</i> 72
Poetical Portrait	<i>Jewsbury.</i> 73
On a Faded Violet	<i>Shelley.</i> 75
The Lily of the Valley	<i>Bishop Mant.</i> 75
The Daisy	<i>Clare.</i> 79
The Voice of the Flowers ..	<i>Browne.</i> 80
From the Italian	<i>Anon.</i> 82
A Song of the Rose	<i>Hemans.</i> 83
The Violet	<i>Anon.</i> 85
The Hyacinth	<i>Casimir.</i> 86
The Ivy	<i>Barton.</i> 87
Origin of the Snow-drop ..	<i>G. W.</i> 89
Cowslips	<i>Mary Howitt.</i> 92
The Holly Tree	<i>Southey.</i> 94
The King and Queen of Scottish Wood	<i>Twamley.</i> 96
The Knight and Lady Fair ..	<i>Bishop Mant.</i> 98
The Love of Flowers	<i>Twamley.</i> 99
Wild Flowers	<i>Keeble.</i> 100
Daffodils	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 103
The Last Wish	<i>Hemans.</i> 104
On my Friend Robin	<i>Twamley.</i> 106
Beauty and Flowers	<i>Drummond.</i> 107
The Wee Flower	<i>Anderson.</i> 108
The First Grief	<i>Hemans</i> 110
Use of Flowers	<i>Mary Howitt.</i> 111
The Withered Flower	<i>Daniel.</i> 113
Folly's Flower	<i>Twamley.</i> 114

CONTENTS.

xi

			Page
Love's Twin Buds	<i>Shelley.</i>		116
The Cowslip	<i>Anon.</i>		117
The Child of Earth	<i>Morton.</i>		119
Field Flowers	<i>Campbell.</i>		121
Love's Bed of State	<i>Daniel.</i>		123
The Broken Flower	<i>Hemans.</i>		124
The Reaper and the Flowers	<i>Longfellow</i>		125
Heart's Ease	<i>Anon.</i>		126
The Bee and the Lady-flower	<i>Herrick</i>		127
Song of the Captive	<i>Anon.</i>		128
The Rosebud	<i>Daniel.</i>		132
Love's Wreath	<i>Moore.</i>		135
The Violet	<i>Anon.</i>		136
Wreaths	<i>J. M. T.</i>		137
To a Crocus	<i>Barton.</i>		139
The Roses	<i>Montgomery.</i>		141
The Violet	<i>Scott.</i>		143
The Moss Rose	<i>J. B.</i>		143
The Violets' Spring Song	<i>Twamley.</i>		144
To the Bramble Flower	<i>Elliott.</i>		146
The Parting of Summer	<i>Hemans.</i>		147
Yellow Leaves	<i>M. J. M.</i>		150
The Harebell	<i>Heber.</i>		151
The Lesson of a Rose	<i>Spenser.</i>		154
To the Crocus	<i>Patterson.</i>		155
The Wall-flower	<i>Anon.</i>		155
The Almond Tree	<i>L. E. L.</i>		156
Song	<i>R. Howitt.</i>		158
On Receiving a Branch of Mezereon	<i>Mrs Tighe.</i>		159
The Lily of the Valley	<i>Croly.</i>		160
Kirkhope Tower	<i>L. A. N.</i>		161
Schiller's Lament of Ceres	<i>D. U. M.</i>		162
To the Daisy	<i>Wordsworth.</i>		167
Apology for Pleasure	<i>Bulwer.</i>		171
The Harebell	<i>Scott.</i>		172
Inscription for a Lady's Flora	<i>Hoffman.</i>		172
The Evening Primrose	<i>Anon.</i>		173
The Blind Flower-Girl's Song	<i>Bulwer.</i>		174
The Death of the Flowers	<i>C. Bowles.</i>		176
Songs of the Flowers	<i>R. P.</i>		178

				Page
The Gentianella	..	..	Montgomery.	186
The Language of Flowers	..	..	Hoffman.	181
Love Song	..	..	Bulwer.	182
Spring Time	..	..	Hoffman.	183
The Shepherd to the Flowers	..	..	Raleigh.	184
Cupid and the Dial	..	..	Anon.	185
The Ivy Song	..	..	Hemans.	186
Withering, Withering	..	..	Hoffman.	188
The Evening Primrose	..	..	Barton.	189
To the Snow-drop	..	..	Keeble.	190
The Primrose	..	..	Carew.	193
To a Jessamine Tree	..	..	Lord Morpeth.	193
To an Autumn Rose	.	..	Hoffman.	195
The Field Flower	.	..	Montgomery.	195
The Heliotrope	.	..	Anon.	197
The Desolate One	..	..	Campbell.	198
The Moss Supplicateth for the Poet			Dana.	199
Stanzas to Two Early Violets	..	..	Anon.	202
Pride and the Poppies	..	..	Twamley.	204
Morning	..	..	Nieoll.	208
To a Lady, Blushing	..	..	Hoffman.	209
A Clump of Daisies	..	..	Dana.	209
To the Melancholy Gilliflower	..	..	Anon.	211
The Primrose	..	..	Mrs Hunter	213
To a Primrose in a Churchyard			Anon.	214
Faded Flowers	..	.	Jewsbury.	215
May	..	..	Leigh Hunt.	217
The Violet	.	..	Emma Prior.	218
The Lily	..	..	Coleridge.	219
Oh, Bonnie was yon Rosy Brier			Burns.	219
The Rosebud	..	..	Keeble,	220
Winter	..	..	Brainard.	223
April,	..	..	Belleau.	225
Love's Withered Wreath	..	..	Editor.	228
The Night-blowing Stock	..	..	Mrs. Richter.	231
Indian Summer	..	..	Hoffman.	232
Spring is Coming	..	..	Toulmin.	233
The Early Year	..	..	Ronsard.	235
Gentle Hawthorn	..	..	Anon.	236
A Withered Tree in June	..	..	Bulwer.	238

CONTENTS.

xiii

Page

The Weeper	<i>Crashaw.</i>	239
The St. John's Wort	<i>Cawood.</i>	241
Come, Spring	<i>Hoffman.</i>	242
An April Day	<i>Longfellow.</i>	244
The Spirit of Beauty	<i>Dawes.</i>	246
Flowers for the Bee	<i>Bessell.</i>	247
To a Primrose	<i>Clare.</i>	249
The Daisy	<i>Good.</i>	250
Worship of the Rose	<i>Gould.</i>	251
Sharon's Rose	<i>Beasley.</i>	252
Wild Flowers	<i>Nicol.</i>	253
Woods in Winter	<i>Longfellow.</i>	255

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1	...	...	...
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3	...	...	...
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93	...	...	...
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95	...	...	...
96	...	...	...
97	...	...	...
98	...	...	...
99	...	...	...
100	...	...	...

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EMBLEMS
AND
POETRY OF FLOWERS.

BLESSED BE GOD FOR FLOWERS.

SUGGESTED BY SEEING MY YOUNGEST CHILD ASLEEP, WITH WILD
FLOWERS IN ITS HAND

BLESSED be God for flowers !
For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts, that breathe
From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sunshine on life's hours !

Lightly upon thine eye
Hath fallen the noon-tide sleep, my joyous bird ;
And through thy parted lips the breath, scarce
heard,
Comes like a summer sigh.

One rosy hand is thrown
Beneath thy rosier cheek : the other holds
A group of sweet field flowers, whose bloom un-
folds
A freshness like thine own.

Around the fragrant prize,
With eager grasp, thy little fingers close :
What are the dreams that haunt thy soft repose ?
What radiance greets thine eyes ?

For thou art smiling still ;
Art thou yet wandering in the quiet woods,
Plucking th' expanding cups and bursting buds,
At thine unfettered will ?

Or does some prophet voice,
Murmuring amidst thy dreams, instructive say,
" Prize well these flowers, for thou, beyond to-
day,
Shalt in their spells rejoice !"

Yes ! thou wilt learn their power
When, cherished not as now, thou stand'st alone,
Compassed by sweetly-saddening memories,
thrown

Round thee by leaf or flower !

'Twill come ! as seasons come,
The empire of the flowers, when they shall raise
Round thee once more the forms of other days,
Warm with the light of home !

Shapes thou no more may'st see ;
The household hearth, the heart-enlisted prayer,
All thou hast loved, and lost, and treasured there,
Where thy best thoughts must be !

Ay, prize them well, my child—
The bright, young blooming things that never
die—

Pointing our hopes to happier worlds that lie
Far o'er this earthly wild!

Prize them, that when forgot
By all, their old familiar tints shall bring
Sweet thoughts of HER, whose dirge the deep
winds sing,
And whose love earth holds not!

Prize them, that through all hours [here;
Thou hold'st sweet commune with their beauty
And, rich in this, through many a future year,
Bless thou our God for flowers!

MRS. TINSLEY.

TO A DAISY.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is everywhere!
A pilgrim bold in Nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest;
A thoughtless thing who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,

Or on his reason:

But thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind;
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season.

WORDSWORTH.

THE LILY.

THERE is a pale and modest flower,
In garb of green array'd,
That decks the rustic maiden's bower
And blossoms in the glade:
Though other flowers around me bloom,
In gaudy splendour drest,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
I love the Lily best.

I see the tulip's gorgeous hue,
And sun-flower's crown of gold;
I see the rose and woodbine too
Their scented leaves unfold:

Though they adorn the gay parterre,
I love them not so well
As the drooping Lily, frail and fair,
That grows in shady dell.

ANON.

FLOWERS.

Bowing adorers of the gale,
Ye Cowslips, delicately pale,
Upraise your loaded stems;
Unfold your cups in splendour, speak!
Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
And gilt your golden gems?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
In purple's richest pride arrayed,
Your errand here fulfil;
Go, bid the artist's simple strain
Your lustre imitate in vain,
And match your Maker's skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod;

Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker, and my God.

CLARE.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet, the early-rising sun
Has not attained its noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even song ;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth, to meet decay,
As you or any thing.

We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

SWEET LAVENDER.

SWEET lavender ! I love thy flower
Of meek and modest blue,
Which meets the morn and evening hour,
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,
And changeth not its hue.

In cottage-maid's parterre thou'rt seen
In simple touching grace ;
And in the garden of the queen,
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,
Thou also hast a place.

The rose, with bright and peerless bloom,
Attracted many eyes ;
But while her glories and perfume,
Expire before brief summer's doom,
Thy fragrance never dies.

Thou art not like the fickle train
Our adverse fates estrange ;
Who in the day of grief and pain
Are found deceitful, light, and vain,
For thou dost never change.

But thou art emblem of the friend,
Who, whatsoe'er our lot,
The balm of faithful love will lend,
And, true and constant to the end,
May die, but alters not.

STRICKLAND.

THE WILD ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

A BOY espied, in morning light,
A little rose-bud blowing;
'Twas so delicate and bright
That he came to feast his sight,
And wonder at its growing.
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Rose-bud brightly blowing!

I will gather thee—he cried—
Rose-bud brightly blowing!
Then I'll sting thee it replied,
And you'll quickly start aside
With the prickle glowing.
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Rose-bud brightly blowing!

But he plucked it from the plain,
The rose-bud brightly blowing !
It turned and stung him, but in vain—
He regarded not the pain,
Homewards with it going.
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Rose-bud brightly blowing !

ANON.

SONG TO DIAPHENIA.

DIAPHEN's like the daffy-down-dilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh-ho ! how I do love thee !
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams ;
How blest were I if thou would'st prove
me !

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee !
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power ;
For dead, thy breath to life might move
me !

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed,

Dear joy, how I do love thee!

As the birds do love the spring,

Or the bees their careful king:—

Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

HENRY CONSTABLE, 1590.

THE ALPINE VIOLET.

THE spring is come, the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

But when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse
Her heavenly odours and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald out of dire December;

The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours ;
And 'mid the roses ne'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

BYRON.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE modest crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stour
 Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
 Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blythe to greet
 The purplin east.

Could blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield !
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns't the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head
In humble guise :
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust ;
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride and cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but heaven,
 He ruined sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom !

BURNS.

THE CHILD AND LILY.

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower !
Well are ye paired in your opening hour,
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White, as those leaves just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own young heart ;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one ! though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossoms with earnest brow,
Soon will it tire thy childish eye,
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower,
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.

BRYANT.

A MOTHER'S DIRGE

OVER HER CHILD.

BRING me flowers all young and sweet,
That I may strew the winding-sheet,
Where calm thou sleepest, baby fair,
With roseless cheek and auburn hair.

Bring me the rosemary whose breath
Perfumed the wild and desert heath ;
The lily of the vale which, too,
In silence and in beauty grew.

Bring cypress from some sunless spot,
Bring me the blue forget-me-not ;
That I may strew them o'er thy bier,
With long-drawn sigh and gushing tear.

Oh, what upon this earth doth prove
So stedfast as a mother's love!
Oh, what on earth can bring relief
Or solace to a mother's grief!

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie,
With drowsy smiles and half-shut eye,
Pillowed upon my fostering breast,
Serenely sinking into rest!

The grave must be thy cradle now;
The wild flowers o'er thy breast shall grow,
While still my heart, all full of thee,
In widowed solitude shall be.

No taint of earth, no thought of sin,
E'er dwelt thy stainless breast within,
And God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl below the deep.

Yea! from mine arms thy soul hath flown
Above, and found the heavenly throne,
To join that blest angelic ring
That aye around the altar sing.

I thought, when years had rolled away,
That thou wouldst be my age's stay;
And often have I dreamt to see
The boy—the youth—the man in thee!

But thou hast past ! for ever gone,
To leave me childless and alone,
Like Rachel, weeping tear on tear,
And looking not for comfort here !

Farewell, my child, the dews shall fall
At noon and evening o'er thy pall ;
And daisies, when the vernal year
Revives, upon thy turf appear.

The earliest snow-drop there shall spring,
And lark delight to fold his wing ;
And roses pale and lilies fair,
With perfume load the summer air !

Adieu, my babe ! if life were long,
This would be even a heavier song ;
But years, like phantoms, quickly pass,
They look to us from memory's glass.

Soon on death's couch shall I recline ;
Soon shall my head be laid with thine ;
And sundered spirits meet above,
To live for evermore in love.

MOIR.

TO ———

I SEND thee lilies given to me ;
Though, long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be ;
But yet reject them not as such :
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou beholdest them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round ;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear :
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

BYRON.

THE NIGHT-BLOWING STOCK.

COME look at this plant with its narrow pale
leaves

And its tall, thin, delicate stem,
Thickly studded with flowers! yes with—there
they are!

Don't you see at each joint there's a little brown
star,

But in truth there's no beauty in them,
So you ask why I keep it, the mean little thing,
Why I stick it up here just in sight?

'Tis a fancy of mine, a strange fancy you say,
No accounting for tastes!—in this instance you
may,

For the flower—but I'll tell you to-night:
Some six hours hence, when the Lady Moon
Looks down on the bastion wall,
And the glittering stars dance silently
On the rippling surface of the sea,

And the heavy night-dews fall;—
Then meet me again in this casement niche,
On the spot where we're standing now,—
Nay! question not wherefore,—perchance with
me,

To look on the night and the bright broad sea,
And to hear its majestic flow.

Well, we're met here again, and the moonlight
sleeps

On the sea, and the bastion wall, [brings
And the flowers below—how the night-wind
Their delicious breath on its dewy wings,

But there's one, say you, sweeter than all!
Which is it? the lily, or jessamine, or their sove-
reign lady, the rose,

Or the heliotrope or the virgin's-bower?

What neither? Ah no, 'tis some other flower
Far sweeter than any of those!

Far sweeter! and where, think you, dwelleth the
plant

That exhalet such perfume rare?

Look about up and down, but take care, or you'll
break, [weak;—

With your elbow that poor little thing that's so

Why, 'tis that smells so sweet, I declare!

Ah, ha! have you found out now

Why I cherish the odd little fright?

All is not gold that glitters, you know;

And 'tis not always worth makes the greatest
show,

In the glare of the strongest light!

There are human flowers, full many, I ween,

As unlovely as that by your side,

That the common observer passes by

With a scornful lip, and a careless eye,

In the heyday of pleasure and pride!

But take one of these to some quiet spot,
From the mid-day sun's broad glare,
Where peace and contentment brood with dove-
like wing,
And see if the homely despised thing
May not yield sweet perfume there;
And judge not again at a single glance,
Nor pass sentence hastily,
There are many bright things in this world of
ours,
Rare weeds, and strange plants, that prove pre-
cious flowers,
Little dreamt of by you, or by me.

ANON.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plants thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bad thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried,
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

BRYANT.

THE ROSE.

A BALLAD.

IN his tower sat the poet
Gazing on the roaring sea,
“Take this rose,” he sighed, “and throw it
Where there’s none that loveth me.
On the rock the billow bursteth
And sinks back into the seas,
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.
Take, O, sea! the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast;
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest.
Life is vain, and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate and scorn and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind.”
Forth into the night he hurled it,
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale, with dreary moan,
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
Through the breakers all alone.

Stands a maiden on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow,
Tracing words upon the sand :
“ Shall I ever then behold him
Who hath been my life so long,—
Ever to this sick heart fold him,—
Be the spirit of his song ?
Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
I have traced upon thy shore,
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
Mine with love for evermore !”
Swells the tide and overflows it,
But, with omen pure and meet,
Brings a little rose, and throws it
Humbly at the maiden's feet.
Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon her snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals, broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.
“ Love is thine, O heart ! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone.”

In his tower sits the poet,
Blisses new and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim,

Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of night.
Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
Kiss his moon-lit forehead bare.
"Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.
Hope is truth,—the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul for ever liveth
Nearer God from day to day."
Not a word the maiden uttered,
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
Down upon the poet's cheek.

LOWELL.

VIOLETS.

A SONNET.

BEAUTIFUL are you in your lowliness ;
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent,
Lovely your modest blossoms downward bent,

As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
The passer-by with fragrance, and express
How gracefully, though mutely, eloquent
Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,
Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.

Delightful flowrets! at the voice of Spring
Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright,
And though your blossoms soon shall fade from
sight,

Above your lonely birth-place birds shall sing,
And from your clustering leaves the glow-worm
fling

The emerald glory of its earth-born light.

BARTON.

TO PRIMROSES

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew!
Alas! ye have not known that shower
That mars a flower;

Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind ;
Nor are ye worn with years ;
Or warped as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it from want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby ?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet ?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this ?
No, no ; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read :—
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
forth.

HERRICK.

SPARE MY FLOWER.

Oh spare my flower, my gentle flower,
The slender creature of a day !
Let it bloom out its little hour,
And pass away.

So soon its fleeting charms must lie
Decay'd, unnoticed, overthrown ;
Oh hasten not its destiny,
Too like thy own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,
And sigh to find its playmate gone :
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,
And meet with none.

Oh spare ! and let it still outspread
Its beauties to the passing eye,
And look up, from its lowly bed,
Upon the sky.

Oh spare my flower ! thou know'st not what
Thy undiscerning hand would tear :
A thousand charms, thou notest not,
Lie treasured there.

Not Solomon, in all his state,
Was clad like Nature's simplest child ;
Nor could the world combined create
One flow'ret wild.

Spare, then, this humble monument
Of an Almighty's power and skill !
And let it at his shrine present
Its homage still.

He made it, who made nought in vain :
He watches it, who watches thee ;
And he can best its date ordain,
Who bade it be.

Oh spare my flower ! for it is frail—
A timid, weak, imploring thing—
And let it still upon the gale
Its moral fling.

That moral thy reward shall be :
Catch the suggestion, and apply—
“ Go live like me,” it cries ; “ like me,
Soon, soon, to die.”

LYTE.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to Heaven as I depart.

BRYANT.

THE ROSE.

FROM CAMOENS.

Just like Love is yonder Rose ;—
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briars it blows ;
Just like Love.

Culled to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gathered with the rest,
And with it to the heart be prest ;
Just like Love.

And, when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
They die, and they shall blossom never ;
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever ;
Just like Love.

ANON.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less, in the bright flowrets under us,
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far seeing,
Seeks, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal Being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowrets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born :
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield :

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But on old cathedrals high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

HEART'S EASE.

In gardens oft a beauteous flower there grows,
By vulgar eyes unnoticed and unseen ;
In sweet security it humbly blows,
And rears its purple head to deck the green.

This flower, as Nature's poet sweetly sings,
Was once milk-white, and Heart's-ease was
its name,
Till wanton Cupid poised its roseate wings,
A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.

With treacherous aim the god his arrow drew,
Which she with icy coldness did repel;
Rebounding thence with feathery speed it flew,
Till on this lonely flower, at last, it fell.

Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd
found;

No more the nymphs its snowy form possess;
Its white now changed to purple by Love's
wound,

Heart's-ease no more,—'tis Love-in-idleness.

MRS. SHERIDAN.

THE DAISY.

On Dr. Carey observing a Daisy spring up in his garden at Serampore, having been conveyed to India in earth, with some other seeds.

THRICE welcome, little English flower!
Thy mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:

Transplanted from thy island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thy embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Whose tribes beneath our native skies
Shut close their leaves while vapours lour ;
But when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabashed but modest eyes
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year ;
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be ;

The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee
Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand ;
O for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
Where daisies, thick as star-light stand
In every walk !—that here might shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root !

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
To me the pledge of hope unseen :
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green—
I saw thee waking from the dust ;
Then turn to Heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

MONTGOMERY.

TO A FAVOURITE POLYANTHUS.

How the rich cups of that so lovely flower
Lift to the heavens their purple velvet leaves!
That every petal, freshened by the shower
Which falls in dew-drops from its slanting
eaves,
May feel the warm sap through its vessels run,
In glad obedience to the glowing sun.

Each fragrant chalice breathes upon the air
A scent more sweet than censer ever flung
In clouds of incense, blinding all the glare
Of garish candles, when the mass was sung:—
“The long-drawn aisle,” and the cathedral’s
gloom,
Ne’er felt the richness of such rare perfume.

With forms more graceful, and with vestments
clad,
Such as the haughty prelate never wore,
They give to God an adoration glad,
That well might teach us, all our souls to pour
In high-souled, earnest, heaven-uplifted prayer
To Him who doth alike for all His children care.

G. W.

THE ROSARY.

ONE asked me where the roses grew,—
 I bad him not go seek ;
 But forthwith bad my Julia shew
 A bud in either cheek.

Some asked me where the rubies grow !
 And nothing I did say,
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where ;
 Then spoke I to my girl
 To part her lips and shew them there,
 The quarrelets of pearl.

HERRICK.

STANZAS TO TWO EARLY VIOLETS.

TWINS of the spring
 What airs of wood-wild sweets
 Lurk in your fragrant leaves !
 What dreams ye bring
 Of early, nameless joys that youth first greets,
 Ere time the heart bereaves
 Of all its gladness !

Oh ! vague delight,
Which hails the vernal day
Of youthful flowery morn,
With hopes as bright
As Nature's robe is gorgeously gay,
Ere the fresh heart is worn
By withering sadness.

Oh ! vague delight !
No more in after-day
Ye ever can return ;
A mildewed blight
Obscures the brightness of that matin ray,
And then we just discern
Our joys were madness.

Children of Spring !
Yet still your blossoms bear
Power of refined delight ;
Ye bid me sing
Of dreams and days the vulgar cannot share ;
In fortune's proud despite
I give thee welcoming.

ANON.

SONG.

Now the lusty spring is seen ;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull ;
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full :
All love's emblems, and all cry,
" Ladies, if not plucked, we die."

Yet, the lusty spring hath staid ;
Blushing red, and purest white,
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste ;
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist :
All love's emblems, and all cry,
" Ladies, if not plucked, we die."

BEAUMONT.

THE POOR MAN'S FLOWERS.

AROUND the rich man's trellised bower
Gay, costly creepers run :
The poor man has his scarlet-beans
To screen him from the sun.

And there before the little bench,
O'ershadowed by the bower,
Grow southernwood and lemon-thyme,
Sweet-pea and gillyflower ;

And pinks and clove-carnations,
Rich scented, side by side ;
And at each end a holly-hock,
With an edge of London-pride.

And here on Sabbath evenings,
Until the stars are out,
With a little one in either hand
He walketh all about.

For, though his garden-plot is small,
Him doth it satisfy ;
For there's no inch of all his ground
That does not fill his eye.

56 LOVE SHUT OUT OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

It is not with the rich man thus ;
For, though his grounds are wide,
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,
With soul unsatisfied.

MARY HOWITT.

LOVE SHUT OUT OF THE FLOWER-
GARDEN.

FROM THE SPANISH OF RODERIGO COTTA.

Close the porch and bar the door !
Onward may thy footsteps stray :
Never more in idle hour
Bend thou here thy treacherous way.

Heart's-ease trembles all around,
As thy wild breath wanders by ;
Roses to thy bosom bound—
Yield their latest, sweetest sigh.

Cruel boy !—abjured and scorned,
Here thy blushing trophies glow ;
Love-lies-bleeding all around—
Speed thee ! dangerous vagrant ;—go !

Where yon fountain sparkles clear,
Low beneath its willowy shade,
Nurslings of one parent born,
Love and Idleness have played.

Where yon wild-rose flaunts her flowers,
(Once its garlands bound my hair,)
Changed for me those sunny hours,
Thou thy thorn hast planted there.

Frailest Woodbine, all untwined,
Wanders here forlorn and free ;
Emblem of the maiden's mind,
Who has placed her trust in thee.

How, within my calm retreat,
Could thy truant footsteps stray ?
Bowed beneath thy breath's control,
Did my steadiest fence give way.

Passion's-flowers are past and gone ;
Still around one lovely spot,
All her turquoise gems unchanged,
Blooms the meek Forget-me-not.

Once, beneath thy fickle power,
Glowed the hour, or gloomed the day ;
Now my chastened bosom owns
Wisdom's rule and reason's sway.

Leave me to my new found peace ;
 Leave me to my late repose :
 Here at length my troubles cease—
 Here my heart forgets its woes.

Joy of purer influence born,
 Hope of loftier aim I know—
 Now thy stormy power I scorn :
 Leave me, child !—thou need'st must go.

Art thou fled without a word ?
 Closed the porch and barred the door :
 Are thy loved companions gone ?
 Fair-haired youth had flown before.

Must I from each idol part ;
 To each transport bid adieu,
 Which around my youthful heart
 Once its blest delusions threw ?

Yet sweet Love ! with tears and grief,
 I thy wings receding see ;
 Sorrow still on parting waits,—
 Hope and joy retire with thee !

MRS. LAWRENCE.

THE PARTING ROSE.

PRESENTED TO THE WRITER BY A CLERICAL FRIEND.

Was there a magic in that flower,
That still the leaves their fragrance spread,
Though parted many a sunny hour
From the stem which nourished?

Meet emblem of the converse high,
Even in a world of sorrow known,
Which wafts the soul in ecstasy
Before the eternal throne.

These are the spirit's dates of bliss,
In God's own book of record found,
When, tuned to heavenly symphonies,
Our notes of praise resound.

And then, oh fading, sapless rose,
Token of sweet communion o'er,
Thy being's source unchanging flows,
Since on the tree of life it grows,
On the celestial shore!

L. A.

PARTINGS.

I NEVER cast a flower away,
 The gift of one that cared for me,—
 A little flower, a faded flower,—
 But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
 To things familiar, but my heart
 Shrank with a feeling, almost pain,
 Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
 But with an utterance faint and broken,
 A heart-sick yearning for the time
 When it shall never more be spoken.

ANON.

 LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF SOME LATE AUTUMN
 FLOWERS.

THESE few pale Autumn flowers,
 How beautiful they are!
 Than all that went before,
 Than all the summer store,
 How lovelier far!

And why? they are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred,
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers,
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those better moments
That flit, like Life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends);
Last tears in silence shed;
Last words half uttered;
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,—
The last day spent with one
Who, ere to-morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye!

O precious, precious moments,
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !
I woo your gentle breath ;
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows ;
Tell me of change and death !

ANON.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of
the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered
leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through
all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous
sisterhood ?

Alas they all are in their graves : the gentle race
of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold
November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished
long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the
summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in
the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in au-
tumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as
falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from
upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still
such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
wintry home,
Where the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
though all the leaves are still, [rill,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the

The south wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood, and by the
stream, no more.

And then I think of one, who in her youthful
beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded
by my side :
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the
forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely, should have a
life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with
the flowers.

BRYANT.

THE TOKEN.

It is a mere wild rosebud,
Quite sallow now, and dry,
Yet there's something wondrous in it,—
Some gleams of days gone by,—

Dear sights and sounds that are to me
The finger-posts of memory,
And stir my heart's blood far below
Its short lived waves of joy and woe.

Lips must fade and roses wither,
All sweet times be o'er,—
They only smile, and, murmuring "Thither!"
Stay with us no more:
And yet oft-times a look or smile,
Forgotten in a kiss's while,
Years after from the dark will start,
And flash across the trembling heart.

Thou hast given me many roses;
But never one, like this,
O'er floods both sense and spirit
With such a deep, wild bliss;—
We must have instincts that glean up
Sparse drops of this life in the cup,
Whose taste shall give us all that we
Can prove of immortality.

Earth's stablest things are shadows,
And, in the life to come,
Haply some chance-saved trifle
May tell of this old home:

As now sometimes we seem to find,
In a dark crevice of the mind,
Some relic, which, long pondered o'er,
Hints faintly at a life before.

LOWELL.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine!
Or leave a kisse but in the cup,
And I'll not looke for wine.
The thirst that from the soule doth rise
Doth aske a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to mee,
Since when it growes, and smells, I sweare,
Not of it selfe, but thee.

BEN JONSON.

THE FIRST MORNING OF SPRING.

BREAK from your chains, ye lingering streams ;
 Rise, blossoms, from your wintry dreams ;
 Drear fields, your robes of verdure take ;
 Birds, from your trance of silence wake ;
 Glad trees, resume your leafy crown ;
 Shrubs, o'er the mirror-brooks bend down ;
 Bland zephyrs, wheresoe'er ye stray,
 The Spring doth call you,—come away.
 Thou too, my soul, with quickened force
 Pursue thy brief, thy measured course ;
 With grateful zeal each power employ ;
 Catch vigour from Creation's joy ;
 And deeply, on thy shortening span,
 Stamp love to God and love to man.

But Spring, with tardy step, appears,
 Chill is her eye, and dim with tears ;
 Still are the founts in fetters bound,—
 The flower-germs shrink within the ground.
 Where are the warblers of the sky ?
 I ask,—and angry blasts reply.
 It is not thus in heavenly bowers :—
 Nor ice-bound rill, nor drooping flowers,

Nor silent harp, nor folded wing,
Invade that everlasting Spring
Toward which we look with wishful tear,
While pilgrims in this wintry sphere.

SIGOURNEY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is a sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn ;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven ;
Fame's bright star and Glory's swell,
By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart
In the violets hidden sweetness breathes ;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress that daily shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot,
And faith that a thousand ills can brave
Speaks in thy blue leaves—forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

PERCIVAL.

SPRING IN TOWN.

THE country ever has a lagging Spring,
Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
And June its roses—showers and sunshine bring
Slowly the deepening verdure o'er the earth;
To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
And one by one the singing birds come back.

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
Comes earlier. Let a mild and sunny day,
Such as full often, for a few bright hours,
Breathes through the sky of March the airs
of May,
Shine on our roofs and chase the wintry gloom,
And, lo! our borders glow with sudden bloom.

For the wide side-walks of Broadway are then
Gorgeous as are a rivulet's banks in June,
That overhung with blossoms, through its glen,
Slides soft away beneath the sunny noon,
And they who search the untrodden wood for
flowers,
Meet in its depths no lovelier ones than ours.

For here are eyes that shame the violet,
Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies,
And foreheads white as, when in clusters set,
The anemonies by forest fountains rise ;
And the spring-beauty boasts no tenderer streak
Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

And thick about those lovely temples lie
Locks that the lucky Vignardonne has curled,
Thrice happy man ! whose trade it is to buy,
And bake, and braid those love-knots of the
world ;
Who curls of every glossy colour keepest,
And sellest, it is said, the blackest cheapest.

And well thou may'st—for Italy's brown maids
Send the dark locks with which their brows
are dressed ;
And Gascon lasses, from their jetty braids,
Crop half, to buy a riband for the rest :

But the fresh Norman girls their tresses spare,
And the Dutch damsel keeps her flaxen hair.

Then, henceforth, let no maid nor matron
grieve,

To see her locks of an unlovely hue,
Frowsy or thin, for liberal art shall give
Such piles of curls as nature never knew.
Eve, with her veil of tresses, at the sight
Had blushed outdone, and owned herself a fright.

Soft voices and light laughter wake the street,
Like notes of wood birds, and, where'er the eye
Threads the long way, plumes wave, and twink-
ling feet

Fall light, as hastes the crowd of beauty by ;
The ostrich, hurrying o'er the desert space,
Scarce bore those tossing plumes with fleeter
pace.

No swimming Juno gait, of languor born,
Is theirs, but a light step of freest grace,
Light as Camilla's o'er the unbent corn,
A step that speaks the spirit of the place,
Since Quiet, meek old dame, was driven away
To Sing Sing and the shores of Tappan bay.

Ye that dash by in chariots ! who will care
For steeds or footmen now ? ye cannot show
Fair face, and dazzling dress, and graceful air,
And last edition of the shape ! Ah, no,
These sights are for the earth and open sky,
And your loud wheels unheeded rattle by.

BRYANT.

THE FLOWER DIAL.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams,—
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary guest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on earth
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingering still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

HEMANS.

POETICAL PORTRAIT.

FLOWERS of the fairest
And gems of the rarest,
I find and I gather in country or town!
But one still is wanting,
Oh! where is it haunting?
The bud and the jewel must make up my
crown.

The rose with its bright heads,
The diamond that light sheds,
Rich as the sunbeam and pure as the snow;
One gives me its fragrance,
The other its radiance,
But the pearl and the lily, where dwell they
below?—

'Tis years since I knew thee,
But yet should I view thee
With the eye and the heart of my earliest
youth;
And feel thy meek beauty
Add impulse to duty,
The love of the fancy to old ties of truth.

Thou pearl of the deep sea
That flows in my heart free,
Thou rock-planted lily, come hither or send;
Mid flowers of the fairest,
And gems of the rarest,
I miss thee, I seek thee, my own parted friend.

M. J. JEWSBURY.

ON A FADED VIOLET.

THE odour from the flower is gone;
 Which, like thy kisses, breathed on me!
 The colour from the flower is flown,
 Which glowed of thee, and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
 It lies on my abandoned breast,
 And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
 With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not!
 I sigh,—it breathes no more on me;
 Its mute and uncomplaining lot
 Is such as mine should be.

SHELLEY.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

FAIR flower that, lapt in lowly glade,
 Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
 Than whom the vernal gale
 None fairer wakes, on bank or spray,
 Our England's lily, of the May,
 Our lily of the vale!

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He showed to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem of the thoughtful mind
Of God's paternal care?

Not this, I trow; for brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine
Those children of the East:
There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parched Esdrela's plain,
And Tabor's oak-girt crest.

More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
Their brilliant disks unfold;
Fit symbol of imperial state,
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
And crowns of burnished gold.

But not the less, sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handy-work;
Our western valley's humbler child,
Where, in green nook of woodland wild,
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though no care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine,
Yet, born to bloom and fade,
Thee too a lovelier robe arrays,
Than e'en in Israel's brightest days,
Her wealthiest kings arrayed.

Of thy twin-leaves the embowered screen,
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green ;
Thy Eden-breathing smell ;
Thy arch'd and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendant many a pearly gem,
Displays a milk-white bell ;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
And berries scarlet red ;

The triple cell, the two-fold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
Or vernal breezes blow ;

Who forms thee thus, with unseen hand?
Who, at creation gave command,
And willed thee thus to be:
And keeps thee still in being, through
Age after age revolving? who
But the great God is he?

Omnipotent to work his will;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assigned;
Still provident with sleepless care,
To keep; to make thee sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment—kind!

“There is no God,” the senseless say:—
“Oh God! why cast'st thou us away!”
Of feeble faith and frail,
The mourner breathes his anxious thought;
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet lily of the vale!

Yes, He who made and fosters thee,
In Reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine.
Nor deems she that his guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

BISHOP MANT.

THE DAISY

TRAMPLED under foot,
The daisy lives, and strikes its little root
Into the lap of Time; centuries may come
And pass away into the silent tomb,
And still the child, hid in the womb of Time,
Shall smile and pluck them; when this simple
rhyme

Shall be forgotten, like a church-yard stone,
Or lingering lie, unnoticed and alone,
When eighteen hundred years, our common date,
Grow many thousands in their marching state,
Ay, still the child, with pleasure in his eye,
Shall cry, the daisy!—a familiar cry—
And run to pluck it, in the self-same state;
And, like a child himself, when all was new,
Might smile with wonder, and take notice too;
Its little golden bosom filled with snow,
Might win e'en Eve to stoop adown and show
Her partner, Adam, in the silken grass,
The little gem, that smiled where pleasure was.
And, loving Eve, from Eden followed ill
And bloomed with sorrow,—and lives smiling
still,

As once in Eden, under Heaven's breath,
So now on Earth, and on the lap of death,
It smiles for ever.

CLARE.

THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

Blossoms that lowly bend,
Shutting your leaves from evening's chilly dew,
While your rich odours heavily ascend,
The flitting winds to woo.

I walk at silent eve,
When scarce a breath is in the garden bowers,
And many a vision and wild fancy weave,
Midst you, ye lovely flowers ;

Beneath the cool green boughs,
And perfumed bells of the fresh blossomed lime,
That stoop and gently touch my feverish brow,
Fresh in their summer prime ;

Or in the mossy dell,
Where the pale primrose trembles at a breath ;
Or where the lily, by the silent well,
Beholds her form beneath ;

Or where the rich queen-rose
Sits throned and blushing, 'midst her leaves and
moss ;
Or where the wind-flower, pale and fragile, blows,
Or violets' banks emboss.

Here do I love to be,—
Mine eye alone in passionate love to dwell
Upon the levelness and purity
Of every bud and bell.

Oh blessedness, to lie
By the clear brook, where the long-bennet dips!
To press the rose-bud in its purity
Unto the burning lips!

To lay the weary head
Upon the bank, with daisies all beset,
Or with bared feet, at early dawn, to tread
O'er mosses cool and wet!

And then to sit at noon,
When bees are humming low, and birds are still,
And drowsy is the faint uncertain tone
Of the swift woodland rill.

And dreams can then reveal
That, wordless though ye be, ye have a tone,
A language, and a power, that I may feel,
Thrilling my spirit lone.

Ye speak of hope and love,
Bright as your hues, and vague as your perfume;
Of changeful, fragile thoughts, that brightly move
Men's hearts amid their gloom.

Ye speak of human life,
Its mystery,—the beautiful and brief;
Its sudden fading, 'midst the tempest strife,
Even as a delicate leaf.

And, more than all, ye speak
Of might and power, of mercy, of the One
Eternal, who hath strewed you fair and meek,
To glisten in the sun;

To gladden all the earth
With bright and beauteous emblems of his grace,
That showers its gift of uncomputed worth
In every clime and place.

BROWNE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

My Lilla gave me yestermorn
A rose methinks in Eden born;
And as she gave it, little elf,
Blushed like another rose herself.
Then said I, full of tenderness,
“ Since this sweet rose I owe to you,
Dear girl, why may I not possess
The lovelier rose that gave it too.”

ANON.

A SONG OF THE ROSE.

ROSE! what dost thou here?
Bridal, royal rose?
How, 'midst grief and fear,
Canst thou thus disclose
That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-leaf
glows?

Rose! too much arrayed
For triumphal hours,
Look'st thou through the shade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul, thou crown'd one of all
flowers!

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for earthly life too
high—

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek,
Thoughts of glory rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too
weak.

Yet, oh ! festal rose,
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose
Pillowed with the dying,
Thy crimson by the life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love,
O'er that bed of pain,
Met in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a chain
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower ?—
Oh ; within the spells
Of thy beauty's power
Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and fare-
wells.

All the soul forth flowing
In that rich perfume,
All the proud life glowing
In that radiant bloom,
Have they no place but here, beneath th' o'er-
shadowing tomb ?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
Of our tearful race ?—
Heaven's own purest waters
Well might bear the trace
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace.

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air?
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there?
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more
fair?

Yes! my fancy sees thee
In that light disclose,
And its dream thus frees thee
From the mist of woes,
Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal
rose!

HEMANS.

THE VIOLET.

SWEET lowly plant! once more I bend
To hail thy presence here,
Like a beloved returning friend,
From absence doubly dear.

Wert thou for ever in our sight,
Might we not love thee less?
But now thou bringest new delight,
Thou still hast power to bless.

Still doth thy April presence bring
Of April joys a dream,
When life was in its sunny spring—
A fair unrippled stream.

And still thine exquisite perfume
Is precious as of old ;
And still thy modest tender bloom,
It joys me to behold.

It joys and cheers, whene'er I see
Pain on earth's meek ones press,
To think the storm that rends the tree
Scathes not thy lowliness.

And thus may human weakness find,
E'en in thy lowly flower,
An image cheering to the mind
In many a trying hour.

ANON.

THE HYACINTH.

CHILD of the Spring, thou charming flower,
No longer in confinement lie,
Arise to light, thy form discover,
Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come, then, thou sweetly blooming flower,
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dressed in beaming smiles,
To give thy beauties to the day:
Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
To fan thy bosom as they play.

CASIMIR.

THE IVY.

Dost thou not love, in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath?
Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem;
Oh! dost thou not love to look on them?

And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
Where glistening waters run,
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream?

And, oh ! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not Nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee ?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays ?

It should be thus, at an age like thine ;
And it has been thus with me ;
When the freshness of feeling and heart were
mine,
As they never more can be :
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead but sinking in slow decay
Beneath Time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreathed it with verdure no longer its
own ?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I at thy years might do,
Passed carelessly by, nor turned again
That scathed wreck to view :
But now I can draw from that mouldering tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught;
That which will closest and longest cling
Is alone worth a serious thought!
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves on the dead?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee!

BARTON.

ORIGIN OF THE SNOW-DROP.

No fading flowers in Eden grew,
Nor autumn's withering spread,
Among the trees, a browner hue,
To show the leaves were dead;
But through the groves and shady dells,
Waving their bright immortal bells,
Were amaranths and asphodels,
Undying in a place that knew
A golden age the whole year through.

But when the angels' fiery bands,
Guarding the eastern gate,
Told of a broken law's commands,
And agonies that came too late ;—
With "longing, lingering" wish to stay,
And many a fond but vain delay,
That could not wile her grief away,
Eve wandered aimless o'er a world
On which the wrath of God was hurled.

Then came the spring's capricious smile,
And summer sunlight warmed the air,
And autumn's riches served a while
To hide the curse that lingered there ;
Till o'er the once untroubled sky
Quick driven clouds began to fly,
And moaning zephyrs ceased to sigh,
When winter's storms in fury burst
Upon a world indeed accurst.

And when at last the driving snow,
A strange, ill-omened sight,
Came whitening all the plains below ;—
To trembling Eve it seemed—affright,
With shivering cold and terror bowed ;—
As if each fleecy vapour cloud
Were falling as a snowy shroud,
To form a close enwrapping pall
For earth's untimely funeral.

Then all her faith and gladness fled,
And nothing left but black despair,
Eve madly wished she had been dead,
Or never born a pilgrim there ;
But, as she wept, an angel bent
His way adown the firmament,
And, on a task of mercy sent,
He raised her up, and bade her cheer
Her drooping heart, and banish fear :

And catching, as he gently spake,
A flake of falling snow,
He breathed on it, and bade it take
A form and bud and blow ;
And, ere the flake had reached the earth,
Eve smiled upon the beauteous birth,
That seemed, amid the general dearth
Of living things, a greater prize
Than all her flowers in Paradise.

“ This is an earnest, Eve, to thee,”
The glorious angel said,
“ That sun and summer soon shall be ;
And though the leaves seem dead,
Yet once again the smiling spring,
With wooing winds shall swiftly bring
New life to every sleeping thing ;
Until they wake and make the scene
Look fresh again and gaily green.”

The angel's mission being ended,
Up to heaven he flew,
But where he first descended,
And where he bade the earth adieu,
A ring of snow-drops formed a posy
Of pallid flowers, whose leaves, unrosy,
Waved like a winged argosy,—
Whose climbing masts, above the sea,
Spread fluttering sail and streamer free.

And thus the snow-drop, like the bow
That spans the cloudy sky,
Becomes a symbol whence we know
That brighter days are nigh ;
That circling seasons, in a race
That knows no lagging lingering pace,
Shall each the other nimbly chase,
Till Time's departing final day
Sweep snow-drops and the world away !

G. W.

COWSLIPS.

Oh ! fragrant dwellers of the lea,
When first the wild wood rings
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,
When fresh the green grass springs !

What can the blessed spring restore
More gladdening than your charms?
Bringing the memory once more
Of lovely fields and farms!

Of thickets, breezes, birds, and flowers;
Of life's unfolding prime;
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours;
Of souls without a crime.

Oh! blessed, blessed do ye seem,
For, even now, I turned,
With soul athirst for wood and stream,
From streets that glared and burned.

From the hot town, where mortal care
His crowded fold doth pen;
Where stagnates the polluted air
In many a sultry den.

And are ye here? and are ye here?
Drinking the dew-like wine,
Midst living gales and waters clear,
And heaven's unstinted shine.

I care not that your little life
Will quickly have run through,
And the sward with summer children rife
Keep not a trace of you.

For again, again, on dewy plain,
I trust to see you rise,
When spring renews the wild wood strain,
And bluer gleam the skies.

Again, again, when many springs
Upon my grave shall shine,
Here shall you speak of vanished things,
To living hearts of mine.

MARY HOWITT.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes
And moralize ;
And, in this wisdom of the Holly tree,
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display,
Less bright than they ;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly tree ?

So, serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem among the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the Holly tree.

SOUTHEY.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SCOTTISH
 WOODS.

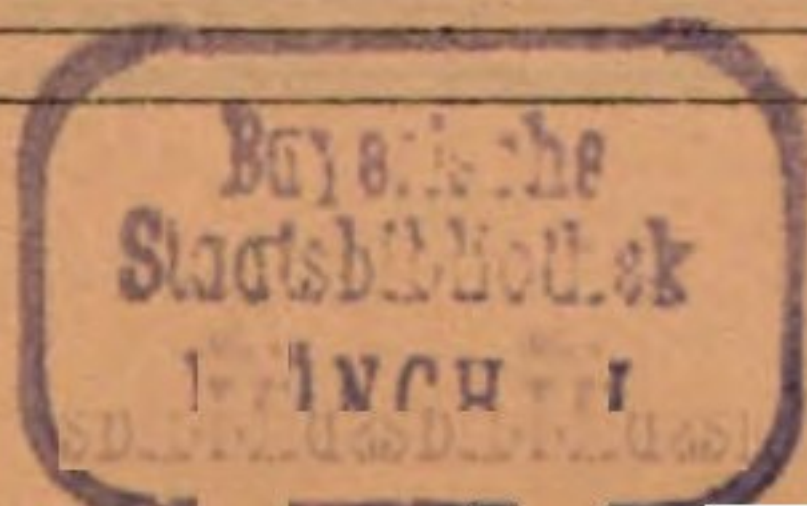
Oh ! wild and bleak are Scotland's hills,
 Where headlong torrents roar,
 Where granite-peaked mountains frown,
 All capped with snow-wreaths hoar :
 And broad and wide her moorlands stretch
 With many a dark ravine,
 Where legends tell of Kelpie-sprites
 By fitful moonshine seen.
 When winter winds shriek loud and high,
 When floods tumultuous pour,
 The lofty pine creaks gratingly
 Amid the mighty roar.
 The lofty pine crowns Scotland's hills,
 Nor recks he winter's blast,
 His root clings firmly to the rock
 Like an anchor stout and fast.

The pine is king of Scottish woods ;
And the Queen ?—Ah ! who is she ?
The fairest form the forest kens—
The bonnie birken tree !

The Trosach's glen of red renown,
Were sterile, bleak, and bare,
But that the graceful birken trees
Are waving gaily there.
O'er crag and cleft and dim defile,
The dancing branches play,
The small leaves quivering on their stalks,
The blossoms on the spray.
What magic hues the sunset pours
All through a birken glade !
Sooth you might think that every leaf
Of living gold was made.

And every stem is silver bright,
Wrought featly o'er with brown,
More daintily than jewel-work
Upon our fair Queen's crown.
God crowns the tree with loveliness,
A bonnie Queen to be—
Queen of the glens in auld Scotland—
The bonnie birken tree.

L. A. TWAMLEY.



THE KNIGHT AND LADY FAIR.

TOGETHER they sate by a river's side,
A knight and a lady gay,
And they watched the deep and eddying tide
Round a flowery islet stray.

And "Oh for that flower of brilliant hue,"
Said then the lady fair,
"To grace my neck with the blossoms blue
And braid my nut-brown hair!"

The knight has plunged in the whirling wave
All for his lady's smile:
And he swims the stream with courage brave,
And he gains yon flowery isle.

And his fingers have cropped the blossoms blue,
And the prize they backward bear;
To deck his love with the brilliant hue
And braid her nut-brown hair.

But the way is long and the current strong,
And alas for that gallant knight!
For the waves prevail and his stout arms fail,
Though cheered by his lady's sight.

Then the blossoms blue to the bank he threw,
Ere he sank in the eddy tide !
And, " Lady, I'm gone, thine own true knight,
Forget me not," he cried.

This farewell pledge the lady caught ;
And hence, as legends say,
The flower is a sign to awaken thought
In friends who are far away.

For the lady fair, of her knight so true,
Still remembered the hapless lot ;
And she cherished the flower of brilliant hue
And she braided her hair with the blossoms blue,
And then called it " Forget-me-not !"

BISHOP MANT.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

FLOWERS ! flowers ! bright, merry-faced flowers !
I bless ye in joyous or saddened hours !

I love ye dearly,
Ye look so cheerly.

In Summer, Autumn, Winter, or Spring,
A flower is to me the loveliest thing

That hath its birth

On this chequered earth :—

Oh ! who will not chorus the lay I sing !

Flowers! flowers! who loveth them not?
Who hath his childhood's sports forgot?
 When daisies white,
 And king-cups bright,
And snow-drops, cowslips, and daffodils
Lured us to meadows and woods and rills;
 And we wandered on,
 Till a wreath was won
Of the heather-bells crowning the far off hills!

L. A. TWAMLEY.

WILD FLOWERS.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bathed in soft air, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
 To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.

Fallen all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions rage and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;—
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes:

For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys ;
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when he paused and owned you good ;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renewed.

What care ye now if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form ?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness !
" Live for to day ! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless !"

KEBLE.

DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky-way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant, or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

THE LAST WISH.

Go to the forest shade—
 Seek thou the well-known glade,
 Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie,
 Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
 Like dark eyes filled with sleep,
 And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
 Around my dying bed
 A breath of May, and of the woods' repose ;
 For I in sooth depart
 With a reluctant heart,
 That fain would linger where the bright sunglows.

Fain would I stay with thee—
 Alas ! this may not be ;
 Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours ;
 Go where the fountains breast
 Catches, in glassy rest, [bowers.
 The dim green light that pours through laurel

I know how softly bright,
 Steeped in that tender light,
 The water-lilies tremble there, e'en now ;
 Go to the pure stream's edge,
 And from its whispering sedge
 Bring me those flowers to cool my fevered brow !

Then, as in hope's young days,
Track thou the antique maze
Of the rich garden, to its grassy mound ;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around :

Well know'st thou that fair tree—
A murmur of the bee
Dwells ever in the honey'd lime above ;
Bring me one pearly flower
Of all its clustering shower—
For on that spot we first revealed our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then from the lattice low
Of the bowered cottage which I bade thee
mark,
When by the hamlet last,
Through dim wood-lanes we pass'd,
While dews were glancing to the glow-worm's
spark :

Haste ! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair,
Thy hand no more may bind them up at eve—
Yet shall their odour soft
One bright dream round me waft
Of life, youth, summer—all that I must leave ;

And oh! if thou wouldst ask
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace—
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
(Oh! break not thou the spell!)
In the deep wood and by the fountain side;
Thou must not, my beloved!
Rove where we two have roved,
Forgetting her that in her spring-time died!

HEMANS.

ON MY FRIEND ROBIN,

VULGARLY CALLED RAGGED.

A MAN of taste is Robinet,
A dandy, spruce and trim;
Whoe'er would dainty fashions set
Should go and look at him.

Rob scorns to wear his crimson coat
As common people do,
He folds and fits it in and out,
And does it bravely, too.

Oh ! Robin loves to prank him rare
With fringe, and flounce, and all ;
Till you'd take him for a lady fair
Just going to a ball.

Robin's a roguish, merry lad,
He dances in the breeze,
And looks up, with a greeting glad,
To the rustling hedge-row trees.

How civilly he beckons in
The busy Mrs. Bee ;
And she tells her store of gossiping
O'er his honey and his glee.

All joy—all mirth—no carking care,
No worldly woe has he ;
Alack ! I wish my lot it were
To live as happily !

L. A. TWAMLEY.

BEAUTY AND FLOWERS.

TRUST not, sweet soul ! those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow !
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow !
Nor snow of cheeks, with Tyrian grain enrolled ;

Trust not those shining lights, which wrought my
 woe

When first I did their azure rays behold; [show
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.

Look to this dying lily, fading rose!

Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass
 rejoice!

And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes!
The cruel tyrant, that did kill those flowers,
Shall once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

DRUMMOND.

THE WEE FLOWER.

A BONNIE wee flower grew green in the wuds,
Like a twinkling wee star amang the cluds!
And the langer it leevit, the greener it grew,
For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by the
 dew.

Oh! fresh was the air where it reared its head,
Wi' the radiance and odour its young leaves shed.

When the morning sun rose frae his eastern ha',
This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'
To open its cups sealed up in the dew,
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.

When the winds were still and the sun rode high,
And the clear mountain stream ran whimpling
by,

When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee
Was floating awa', like a clud o'er the sea ;
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—
The sweet child of summer—in its rokelay green.

And when the night clud grew dark on the plain,
When the stars were out, and the moon in the
wane,

When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,
And the dewes of the night the green earth press'd,
This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark green deep.

And when autumn came, and the summer had
pass'd,

And the wan leaves were strewn on the twirling
blast,

This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,
And its wee leaves shrank in the frozen air ;
Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the
ground,

But the rose and wild lilies were droopng around,
And this bonnie blue flower hung doon its wee
head,

And the bright morning sun flung its beams on
its bed,
And the pale stars looked forth — but the wee
flower was dead.

ANDERSON.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

“ OH ! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone ;
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone ?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track :
I care not now to chase its flight,—
Oh ! call my brother back !

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree ,
Our vine is drooping with its load ;—
Oh ! call him back to me !

He would not hear my voice, fair child !
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given!—
Go! thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in Heaven."

"And has he left the birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And, through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?—
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

HEMANS.

USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have had the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light ;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night ;

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth ;

To comfort man—to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him ! MARY HOWIT.

THE WITHERED FLOWER.

THE flowers o' the simmer-time,
 A' in brown-leaf shrouds are lying;
 The nor' wind is swirling the driven snaw,
 An' tossing the white flakes or e'er they fa',
 To hide where a' lay a dying;—
 But my flower is withered an' winna re-bloom!

The birks in the erie glen
 Their leafless bows a' wide are tossing;
 The sough frae the upland forest seems
 As in wild faem a thousand mountain streams
 Frae rock to den were crossing;—
 An' my flower is withered and winna re-bloom.

The spring maun return again,
 Opening the fresh buds o' ilka flower,
 Drappin' the gowans o'er strath an' lea;
 Buskin' wi' blossom ilk buss an' tree,
 Blessing a' nature wi' walth o' dower;—
 But my flower is withered an' winna re-bloom.

Till ance this waefu' warld
 Its last flowers a' withered, its ways a' toom,
 An nought for a lap to the lanesome dying,
 But the graves whar death's latest plenish is lying,
 Steerin' to wake at the trump o' doom;—
 Then my flower though withered shall again re-
 bloom!

DANIEL.

FOLLY'S FLOWER,

THE COLUMBINE.

BRING lilies for a maiden's grave,
Roses to deck the bride,
Tulips for all who love through life
In brave attire to ride:
Bring each for each, in bower and hall,
But cull the columbine for all.

"The Columbine? full many a flower
Hath hues more clear and bright,
Although she doth in purple go,
In crimson, pink, and white.
Why, when so many fairer shine,
Why choose the homely columbine?"

Examine well each flowret's form,—
Read ye not something more
Than curl of petal—depth of tint?
Saw ye ne'er aught before
That claims a fancied semblance there,
Amid those modelled leaves so fair?

Know ye the cap which Folly wears
In ancient masques and plays?
Does not the columbine recall
That toy of olden days?
And is not Folly reigning now
O'er many a wisdom-written brow?

'Tis Folly's flower, that homely one;
That universal guest
Makes every garden but a type
Of every human breast;
For, though ye tend both mind and bower,
There's still a nook for Folly's flower.

Then gather roses for the bride,
Twine them in her bright hair,
But, ere the wreath be done—oh! let
The columbine be there,
For rest ye sure that follies dwell
In many a heart that loveth well.

Gather ye laurels for the brow
Of every prince of song!
For all to whom philosophy
And wisdom do belong;
But ne'er forget to intertwine
A flower or two of columbine.

Forget it not ; for even they,
The oracles of earth,
'Mid all their wealth of golden thoughts,
Their wisdom and their worth,
Sometimes play pranks beneath the sky,
Would scarce become e'en such as I !

Weave ye an armful of that plant,
Choosing the darkest flowers,
With that red, blood-dipped wreath ye bring
The devastating powers
Of warrior, conquerer, or chief ;
Oh twine that full of Folly's leaf !

And do ye ask me why this flower
Is fit for every brow ?
Tell me but one where Folly ne'er
Hath dwelt, nor dwelleth now,
And I will then the laurel twine,
Unmingled with the columbine.

L. A. TWAMLEY.

LOVE'S TWIN BUDS.

THEY were two cousins, almost like two twins,
Except that from the catalogue of sins
Nature had razed their love—which could not be
But by dissevering their nativity.

And so they grew together, like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and
showers

Lull or awaken in their purple prime,
Which the same hand will gather—the same
clime

Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see
All those who love,—and who e'er loved like thee,
Fiordispina? scarcely Cosimo,

Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow
The ardours of a vision which obscure
The very idol of its portraiture ;

He faints dissolved into a sense of love ;

But thou art as a planet sphered above,

But thou art Love itself—ruling the motion
Of his subjected spirit—such emotion

Must end in sin or sorrow, if sweet May

Had not brought forth this morn your wedding-
day.

SHELLEY.

THE COWSLIP.

UNFOLDING to the beeeze of May,
The cowslip greets the vernal ray ;
The topaz and the ruby gem
Her blossoms' simple diadem ;
And as the dew-drops gently fall,
They tip with pearls her coronal.

In princely halls, and courts of kings,
Its lustrous ray the diamond flings,
Yet few of those who see its beam
Amid the torches' dazzling gleam,
As bright as though a meteor shone,
Can call the costly prize their own.

But gems of every form and hue
Are glittering here in morning dew ;
Jewels that all alike may share
As freely as the common air ;
No niggard hand, no jealous eye,
Protects them from the passer-by.

Man to his brother shuts his heart,
And science acts a miser's part ;
But Nature with a liberal hand
Flings wide her stores o'er sea and land.
If gold she give, not single grains
Are scattered far across the plains ;
But lo, the desert streams are rolled
O'er precious beds of virgin gold.
If flowers she offer, wreaths are given
As countless as the stars of heaven !
Or music,—'tis no feeble note
She bids along the valleys float,
Ten thousand nameless melodies
In one full chorus swell the breeze.

Oh Art is but a scanty rill
That genial seasons scarcely fill,
But Nature needs no tide's return
To fill afresh her flowing urn :
She gathers all her rich supplies
Where never-failing fountains rise.

ANON.

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow ;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say,
“ I am content to die,—but Oh ! not now !—
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe ;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing ;
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps
wreath.

Spare me, great God ! lift up my drooping brow ;
I am content to die,—but, Oh ! not now !”

The spring hath ripened into summer-time !
The season's viewless boundary is past ;
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime :
Oh ! must this glimpse of beauty be the last ?

“ Let me not perish while, o’er land and lea,
With silent steps the lord of light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow!
I am content to die,—but, Oh! not now!”

Summer is gone: and autumn’s soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
“ Spare me a while to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant thro’ the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
I am content to die,—but, Oh! not now!”

The bleak wind whistles! snow-showers, far and
near,

Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound!
Yet still that prayer ascends. “ Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth
crowd,

Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
Spare me a while! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die,—but, Oh! not now!”

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are
spread ;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
The child of earth is numbered with the dead,
Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane ;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again !
Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow ;
Why didst thou linger ?—thou art happier now.

C. E. S. NORTON.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis
true,
Yet, wildings of nature I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy
delight,
And when daisies and butter-cups gladdened
my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing
streams.

And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine
remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's
note,
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of
June :

Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to
find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my
mind,
And your blossoms were part of the spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes !
What loved little islands, twice seen in their
lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore !
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy
brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore !

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were
dear,
Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear,

Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless
stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPBELL.

LOVE'S BED OF STATE.

CUPID nestles in the rose;
Well he may! well he may!
Sporting daliance with repose,
Where he slumbers, lapped elate,
Breathing odours exquisite;
Round the blushing leaves, all close,
Curtaining Love's bed of state!
Well a day!

Lulled by song of humming bee!
Lullaby! lullaby!
Dreaming plaguish witchery!
Alack! the lover hath a heart,
Cupid's arrow hath a dart,
And the bee a sting, with his honey,
And the rose a thorn, and love a smart!
Alack a day!

DANIEL.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

OH ! wear it on thy heart, my love !

Still, still a little while !

Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,

Though faded be their smile,

Yet for the sake of what hath been,

Oh ! cast it not away !

'Twas born to grace a summer scene,

A long, bright, golden day,

My love !

A long, bright, golden day !

A little while around thee, love !

Its fragrance yet shall cling,

Telling that on thy heart hath lain,

A fair, though faded thing.

But not even that warm heart hath power

To win it back from fate :—

Oh ! I am like thy broken flower,

Cherished too late, too late,

My love !

Cherished, alas ! too late !

HEMANS.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair !” saith he ;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain !
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord hath need of these flowrets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

HEART'S EASE.

I USED to love thee, simple flower,
To love thee dearly when a boy;
For thou didst seem in childhood's hour,
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only work'st my grief,
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled.
Give me, give me the withered leaf,
That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,
But warns me what I soon shall be;
It looks not back on pleasure's scene,
But points unto futurity.

I love thee not thou simple flower,
For thou art gay, and I am lone ;
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—
The heart's-ease from my path is gone.

ANON.

THE BEE AND THE LADY-FLOWER.

As Julia once a slumbering lay,
It chanced a Bee did fly that way.
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower, he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip ;
But when he felt, he sucked from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir,
So Julia took the pilferer,
And thus surprised, as filchers use,
He thus began to make excuse :
Sweet LADY-FLOWER, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought ;
But taking these rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran at waste,

Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing ;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship :
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That THAT he took, and that was all.
At which she smiled, and bade him go
And take his bag ; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive,
Honey enough to fill his hive.

HERRICK.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

CAPTIVE.

A FLOWER that's wondrous fair, I know,
My bosom holds it dear ;
To seek that flower I long to go,
But am imprisoned here.
'Tis no light grief oppresses me ;
For, in the days my steps were free,
I had it always near.

Far round the tower I send mine eye,
The tower so steep and tall!
But no where can the flower descry
From this high castle wall;
And him who'll bring me my desire,
Or be he knight or be he squire,
My dearest friend I'll call.

ROSE.

My blossoms near thee I disclose,
And hear thy wretched plight;
Thou meanest me, no doubt, the rose,
Thou noble, hapless knight.
A lofty mind in thee is seen,
And in thy bosom reigns the queen
Of flowers, as is her right.

CAPTIVE.

Thy crimson bud I duly prize,
In outer robe of green;
For this thou'rt dear in maiden's eyes,
As gold and jewels sheen.
Thy wreath adorns the fairest brow,
And yet the flower—it is not thou,
Whom my still wishes mean.

LILY.

The little rose has cause of pride,
And upwards aye will soar ;
Yet am I held by many a bride
The rose's wreath before.
And beats thy bosom faithfully,
And art thou true, and pure as I,
Thou'lt prize the lily more.

CAPTIVE.

I call myself both chaste and pure,
And free from passions low ;
And yet these walls my limbs immure
In loneliness and woe.
Though thou dost seem in white arrayed,
Like many a pure and beauteous maid,
One dearer thing I know.

PINK.

And dearer I, the pink, must be,
And me thou sure dost choose,
Or else the gardener ne'er for me
Such watchful care would use ;
A crowd of leaves enriching bloom !
And mine through life the sweet perfume,
And all the thousand hues.

CAPTIVE.

The pink, can no one justly slight,
The gardener's favourite flower ;
He sets it now beneath the light,
Now shields it from its power.
Yet, 'tis not pomp, who o'er the rest
In splendour shines, can make me blest ;
It is a still small flower.

VIOLET.

I stand concealed, and bending low,
And do not love to speak ;
Yet will I, as 'tis fitting now,
My wonted silence break.
For if 'tis I, thou gallant man,
Thy heart desires, thine, if I can,
My perfumes all I'll make.

CAPTIVE.

The violet I esteem indeed,
So modest and so kind ;
Its fragrance sweet yet more I need,
To soothe mine anguished mind.
To you the truth will I confess ;
Here, 'mid this rocky dreariness,
My love I ne'er shall find.

The truest wife by yonder brook
Will roam the mournful day,
And hither cast the anxious look,
Long as immured I stay.
Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower,
And says "Forget me not!" the power
I feel, though far away.

Yes, e'en though far, I feel its might,
For true love joins us twain,
And therefore 'mid the dungeon's night
I still in life remain.
And sinks my heart at my hard lot,
I but exclaim "Forget-me-not!"
And straight new life regain.

ANON.

THE ROSE-BUD.

AN INCIDENT OF CHILDHOOD.

How vividly bright at times appears
The long lost scenes of our early years,
As though childhood's thoughts were embodied
then,
And sought a home in the soul again!

One happy scene of Infancy
I now remember vividly,
When I stood, on a lovely autumn eve,
With a young and merry company
Around our mother's knee;
A sabbath eve,—and our thoughts were led
To Him who, victor from the dead,
Arose to-day; then taught to weave
Our artless words in lisping prayer;
A rich deep flow of love was there,
Intensely tender, no austerity
Taught the young heart hypocrisy;
No bigot zeal infused its poison there,
To make the God of Love a source of fear;
But gentle as that hour, and as her love,
Tender and yet profound, — so was each
thought,
“Father of all, who dwell'st in heaven above!”
Such was the God our infant minds were
taught:
And, proud since then as thoughts and hopes have
been,
Gladly I would exchange the proudest now,
For the pure simple feelings of that scene!
Would that we could erase these furrowed
lines,
Passions and sorrow's signs,
Deep graven on the brow,
And be again that which we once have been!

Fearless then we weaved
Each childish thought,
Led by her cheering glance
To give our simple fancies utterance,
A speedy answer sought :
And confidently looked from her, at once,
Ready solution ; whom we then believed
Possessed all knowledge, and in whom our trust
Was as implicit, as succeeding years
Have proved thro' all the hateful jealous fears
That time corrodes us with, its source was just !

Well I remember some thoughts of gloom,
As I marked a rose's fading bloom ;
" Mother, did I not hear you say
That no flowers would in Eden fade away ?
But the rose-buds dear Mother, I love to see,
Which you said, I remember, resembled me ;
Would the lovely rose-buds, do you suppose,
Each spread its leaves to a full blown rose ?
For I'm sure I would not love to see
A garden where no pretty buds would be !"
Kindly she pressed my infant brow,
What was her answer I know not now,
But love surpasses oblivion's spell,
And that look of love I remember well !

And where is that happy circle now ?
Has sorrow dimmed each bright young brow ?

Alas ! the tears of some have mingled
O'er the grave of others death has singled,
One sod now wraps the dust of three
Of that gay and joyous company ;
The long grass sadly waves above,
But their ransomed spirits the lesson prove,
That the God of Heaven is a God of love !

DANIEL.

LOVE'S WREATH.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round
Among flowers the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet it allured him to stay.

O'erhead from the trees hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath ;
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flowers up
there,
Love knew it and jumped at the wreath.

But Love did not know—and, at his weak years,
What urchin was likely to know ?—
That Sorrow had made, of her own salt tears,
That fountain which murmured below.

He caught at the wreath, but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do ;
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day ;
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the fountain of tears.

MOORE.

THE VIOLET.

A VIOLET blossomed on the green,
With lowly stem and bloom unseen ;
It was a sweet low flower.
A shepherd maiden came that way
With lightsome step and aspect gay,
Came near, came near,
Came o'er the green with song.

Ah ! thought the Violet, might I be
The fairest flower on all the lea,
Ah ! but for one brief hour ;
And might be plucked by that dear maid,
And gently on her bosom laid,
Ah ! but, ah ! but,
A few dear moments long.

Alas! the maiden, as she passed,
No eye upon the violet cast;
She crushed the poor, wee flower;
It sank, and, dying, heaved no sigh,
And, if I die, at least I die
By her, by her,
Beneath her feet I die.

ANON.

WREATHS.

WEAVE thee a wreath of woodbine, child!
'Twill suit thy infant brow;
It runs up free in the woodlands wild,
As tender and as frail as thou.

He bound his brow with a woodland wreath,
And smiled his playful eye,
And he lightly skipped o'er the blossom'd heath,
In his young heart's ecstasy.

I saw him not, till his manly brow
Was clouded with thought and care,
And the smile of youth, and its beauty, now
No longer wantoned there.

Go, twine thee a crown of the ivy tree,
And gladden thy loaded breast :
Bright days may yet shine out for thee,
And thy bosom again know rest.

Long years rolled on,—and I saw again
His form in hoary age !
His forehead was deeply furrowed then,
In life's last feeble stage.

O be thy crown, old man, I said,
Of the yew and the cypress made,
A garland mete for thy silver head
Ere it low in the tomb be laid.

And such is Life, and such is Man
In his fleeting course below :
His little day, that in joy began,
Must proceed and end in woe ;

But another day shall weave for him
A garland that will not die,
And his cup of bliss shall o'erflow its brim ;
He shall live eternally.

J. M. T.

TO A CROCUS.

BLOSSOMING BENEATH A WALL-FLOWER.

WELCOME, wild harbinger of spring!
To this small nook of earth;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.

To thee,—for thy rich golden bloom,
Like heaven's fair bow on high,
Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
That brighter hours draw nigh,
When blossoms of more varied dyes.
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Yet not the lily, nor the rose,
Though fairer far they be,
Can more delightful thoughts disclose
Than I derive from thee:
The eye their beauty may prefer;
The heart is thy interpreter!

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen,
By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,

When o'er the world of waters dark
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

That leaf betokened freedom nigh
To mournful captives there ;
Thy flower foretells a sunnier sky,
And chides the dark despair,
By winter's chilling influence flung
O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind Nature's hand
Assigned thy dwelling-place
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand,
With fond congenial grace,
On many a desolated pile,
Brightening decay with beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of Hope, whose hue
Is bright with coming joy ;
The wall-flower's that of Faith, too true
For ruin to destroy ;—
And where, O ! where should Hope up-spring
But under Faith's protecting wing.

BARTON.

THE ROSES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HIS
FIRST CHILD.

Two roses on one slender spray
In sweet communion grew,
Together hailed the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew;
While sweetly wreathed in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Thro' clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
They opened into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume;
While fostered on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon, their summer splendour pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these roses, to the last,
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorned and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud unfolding, rose,
And blushed and brightened as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin roses spend your time,
Life's little lessening span;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine
Fair, and more fair, as you decline ;—

Till planted in that realm of rest,
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh like Aaron's rod,
That blossomed at the sight of God.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE VIOLET.

THE Violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast herself the fairest flower,
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet, through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

SCOTT.

THE MOSS ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE Angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay;
That spirit to whom charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews of Heaven;

Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:—
“ Oh, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all is fair ;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee !”
“ Then,” said the rose, with deepen'd glow,
“ On me another grace bestow.”
The spirit paused in silent thought:—
What grace was there the flower had not?—
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws ;
And robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

J. B.

THE VIOLETS' SPRING SONG.

UNDER the hedge all safe and warm,
Sheltered from boisterous wind and storm,
We violets lie ;
With each small eye
Closely shut while the cold goes by.

You look at the bank, 'mid the biting frost,
And you sigh and say that we're dead and lost ;

But, lady, stay
For a sunny day,
And you'll find us again alive and gay.

On mossy banks, under forest trees,
You'll find us crowding, in days like these ;
Purple and blue,
And white ones too,
Peep at the sun and wait for you.

By maids and matrons, by old and young,
By rich and poor our praise is sung ;
And the blind man sighs
When his sightless eyes
He turns to the spot where our perfumes rise.

There is not a garden the country through,
Where they plant not violets white and blue ;
By princely hall,
And cottage small—
For we're sought, and cherished, and culled by
all.

Yet grand parterres, and stiff trimmed beds,
But ill become our modest heads ;
We'd rather run,
In shadow and sun,
O'er the banks where our merry lives first
begun.

There, where the birken bough's silvery shine
Gleams over the hawthorn and frail woodbine,
Moss, deep and green,
Lies thick, between
The plots where we violet-flowers are seen.

And the small gay Celandine's stars of gold
Rise sparkling beside our purple's fold:—
Such a regal show
Is rare, I trow,
Save on the banks where violets grow.

L. A. TWAMLEY.

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
Go put thou forth thy small white rose:
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!

How delicate thy gaudy frill !
How rich thy branchy stem !
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them !
While silent flowers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush !
The primrose to the grave is gone ;
The hawthorn flower is dead ;
The violet by the mossed grey stone
Hath laid her weary head !
But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossoming hour,
Scorned bramble of the brake ! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

ELLIOTT.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well !
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh ! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,
How hast thou passed away ?

Brightly, sweet summer ! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free ;
And brightly 'mid the garden flowers
To the happy murmuring bee ;

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years ?

Sweet summer ! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams :—

To the wasted and the weary,
On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound ;—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footsteps nought hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed:

In brief and sudden strivings
To fling a weight aside—
Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh! thou gentle summer,
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Where with my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be! HEMANS.

YELLOW LEAVES.

THE leaves are falling from the trees,
The flowers are fading all :
More chill and boisterous is the breeze,
More hoarse the waterfall :
The sky o'ermantled now with clouds,
Looks gray, and waned, and pale ;
The mist-fog spreads its hoary shrouds
O'er mountain, grove, and vale.

How lapse our years away ! how fade
The raptures of the mind !
Onward we pass to storm and shade,
And leave blue skies behind :
Like yellow leaves, around us fall
The friends best loved and known ;
And when we most have need of all,
We oft are most alone.

Still more alone ! blithe Spring comes round ;
Rich Summer-tide smiles by ;
And golden Autumn paints the ground,
Till Winter's storm blasts fly.
One after one, friends drop away,
As months on months roll on ;
And hour by hour, and day by day,
The old are more alone.

Still more alone ! alas ! 'tis vain
New hopes, new hearts to find ;
What magic can restore again
The visions of youth's mind ?
Age walks amid an altered world,
'Mid bustling crowds unknown :
New scenes have novelty unfurled,
And left the old alone !

“ Sear leaves that dangle from Life's tree,”
The whole might well have said,
“ A relic of the past are we :
A remnant of the dead :
Like emblems of forlorn decay,
We linger till the last ;
But death's long night shall turn to day,
When Time itself is past !”

M. J. M.

THE HAREBELL.

With drooping bells of clearest blue,
Thou didst attract my childish view,
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew,
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew
So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern, and golden bloom,
Increase the sand-rock cavern's bloom,
I've seen thee tangled,
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom,
With dew-drops spangled.

'Mid ruins tumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
Still freshly springing
Where pride and pomp have pass'd away,
On mossy tomb and turret grey,
Like friendship clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illumine the scene,
And silvery daisies dot the green,
Thy flowers revealing;
Perchance to soothe the fairy-queen,
With faint sweet tones, on night serene,
Thy soft bells pealing.

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decayed,
And thou appearest
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory ;
The pensive soul recalls in thee
 The year's past pleasures ;
And led by kindred thought will flee,
Till back to careless infancy
 The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
 I've seen thee bending ;
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin transparent cheek,
 With death hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine.
The violet and the eglantine
 With spring are banished ;
In summer's beam the roses shine ;
But I of thee my wreath will twine,
 When these are vanished.

H. HEBER.

THE LESSON OF A ROSE.

Ah! see, whose fayre thing dost faine to see,
 In springing flowre the image of the day!
 Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
 Doth first peepe forth with bashful modestee,
 That fairer seems the lesse ye see her may!
 Lo! see soone after how, more bold and free,
 Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
 Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls
 away!

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortal life, the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
 No more doth florish after first decay,
 That earst was sought to deck both bed and
 bowre
 Of many a lady, and many a paramoure!
 Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime;
 For soon comes age that will her pride defloure;
 Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
 Whilest loveing thou mayest loved be with equall
 crime.

SPENSER.

TO THE CROCUS.

LOWLY, sprightly little flower !
Herald of a brighter bloom,
Bursting in a sunny hour
From thy winter tomb.

Hues you bring, bright, gay, and tender,
As if never to decay ;
Fleeting in their varied splendour—
Soon, alas ! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherished,
Thus the friends I long had known,
One by one, like you, have perished,
Blighted—I must fade alone.

PATTERSON.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

CHEERFUL 'midst desolation's sadness—thou—
Fair flower, art wont to grace the mouldering
pile,
And brightly bloom o'er ruin, like a smile
Reposing calm on age's furrowed brow—
Sweet monitor ! an emblem sure I see
Of virtue, and of virtue's power, in thee.

For though thou cheerest the dull ruin's gloom,
Still when thou'rt found upon the gay par-
terre,
There thou art sweetest—fairest of the fair ;—
So virtue, while it robs of dread the tomb,
Shines in the crown that youth and beauty
wear,
Being best of all the gems that glitter there.

ANON.

THE ALMOND TREE.

FLEETING and falling
Where is the bloom
Of yon fair almond tree!
It is sunk in the tomb.

Its tomb, wheresoever
The wind may have borne
The leaves and the blossoms,
Its roughness has torn.

Some there are floating
On yon fountain's breast ;
Some line the moss
Of the nightingale's nest.

Some are just strewn
O'er the green grass below,
And there they lie stainless
As winter's first snow.

Yesterday on the boughs
They hung scented and fair ;
To-day they are scattered
The breeze best knows where.

To-morrow, those leaves
Will be scentless and dead,
For the kind to lament
And the careless to tread.

And is it not thus
With each hope of the heart !
With all its best feelings
Thus will they depart.

They'll go forth to the world
On the wings of the air,
Rejoicing and hoping,
But what will be there ?—

False lights to deceive,
False friends to delude,
Till the heart, in its sorrow,
Left only to brood—

Over feelings, crushed, chilled,
Sweet hopes ever flown ;
Like that tree, when its green leaves
And blossoms are gone.

L. E. L.

SONG.

Thou art lovelier than the coming
Of the fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming,
Like a blessed fairy thing :
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
Of the orient crimson morn,
When the gentlest winds are shaking
The dew-drops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing
In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing,
And my thoughts were of thee then ;
For there's nothing gladsome round me,
Nothing beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

RICHARD HOWITT.

LINES,

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON.

ODOURS of spring, my sense ye charm,
With fragrance premature,
And 'mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come,
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas ! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore ;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain,
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last ;
Beloved friends adieu ;
The bitterness of death were past,
Could I resign but you.

Oh ! ye who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer.

And ye, whose smiles must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear ;

Whose kindness, though far, far removed,
Thy grateful thoughts perceive ;
Pride of my life—esteemed, beloved,
My last sad claim receive !
Oh, do not quite your friend forget—
Forget alone her faults ;
And speak of her with fond regret,
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

MRS TIGHE.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

WHITE bud ? that in meek beauty so dost lean,
The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight
snow, [green,
Thou seemest beneath thy huge high leaf of
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud ! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,—
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.

CROLY.

KIRKHOPE TOWER.

THE ivy spreads o'er Kirkhope Tower
Its leaves of fadeless green,
And wallflowers blossom in the bower
Where human flowers have been :
The grass tufts hang upon the wall
Where the warrior's bugle hung,
And night-winds sigh along the hall
Where the raptured minstrel sung.

The human flowers have passed away ;
The warrior too is gone ;
The minstrel slumbers in the clay,
Without a churchyard stone.
What was their beauty or their love,
Their valour or their fame,
There is no record here to prove—
They have not left a name.

And stone by stone, the walls decay,
While mosses o'er them creep ;
And, in the distant future, they
Will be a shapeless heap :
And there the milkmaid, homeward bound,
May pluck the summer flower,
And know not that the grassy mound
Had once been Kirkhope Tower.

L. A. N.

SCHILLER'S LAMENT OF CERES.

HAs the beamy spring shone out anew?
Re-assumes the earth her primal mien?
Yes, once more the rivulets are blue,
Yes, once more the sunny hills are green.
On the mirror-floor of ocean's wave
Cloudlessly the face of Phœbus lies,
Blandlier the zephyr pinions wave,
Bud and plantling ope their little eyes;
Music trills from every grove and glen,
And I hear the Oread in the grot
Sing, "Thy flowers indeed return again,
But thy daughter, she returneth not."

Ah! how long I wander sadly over,
Desolately over earth's bare field;
Titan! Titan! canst thou not discover
Where my loved, my vanished lies concealed?
None of all thy lamps, of all thy rays,
Lights the dear, dear countenance for me;
Even the day which all on earth displays
Nowhere shows me her I sigh to see.
Hast thou, Jupiter, from these fond arms
Pitilessly torn my lovely one?
Or has Pluto borne away her charms
To the death-cold flood of Acheron?

Downwards to the blackly rolling river,
Who will bear my message-word of woe?
Into Charon's bark, which floats for ever,
None save spectral shadows dare to go:
Hidden from each flesh-imprisoned soul
Lies always the night-begirdled shore;
Long as Styx has yet been known to roll,
Shape of life his waters never bore.
Thousand headlong pathways hurry thither,
Back alone to light is no return;
Scarce a sigh comes faintly wafted hither,
Whispering of her for whom I mourn.

Earth-sprung mothers of an earthly name,
Doomed to die because of Pyrrha born,
Follow joyously through death and flame
Nurslings from their loving bosom torn;
Thus doth reigning Jupiter command,
"None of mine shall pass the phantom portal;"
Wherefore, Parcæ, must your iron hand
Sternly spare the God and the Immortal?
Ah! down, down into the night of nights
Rather hurl me from Olympus' brow:
Why revere in me the goddess' rights?
Are they not the mother's tortures now?

Sways my child in joyless pomp beneath,
On the throne beside her sable spouse?
Gladly, gladly would I plunge in death,
There to seek the Queen of Pluto's house.

Ah! her eyes a very fount of tears,
Aching for the gold-bright light in vain;
Wandering wistfully to far-off spheres,
Fain would meet the mother's glance again.
Never! never! 'til the depths rejoice
In the awakened might of Pity's spell,
Never! never! until Mercy's voice
Echoes through the sunken dome of Hell.

Vain, vain wish and idly wasted wailing,
Ever in the one bright track away
Phoebus calmly wheels his never failing
Chariot; Jupiter is lord for aye;
Lord, and lord of happiness and light;
Darkness flung no shadow on his throne,
When I lost her in the dead of night,
When my soul was left to weep alone:
Till above the black abysmal well
Young Aurora's fairy tints shall glow,
And till Iris gilds the gloom of Hell
With the glory of her painted bow.

And is nought remaining by the mother?
No fond pledge of reminiscence here?
Nought to say the severed love each other?
Nought in memory from the hand so dear?
Is there then no holy link of union
Found between the child and mother more?
Hold the left-in-life no sweet communion
With the wanderers on the phantom shore?

No! not sundered for eternal years
Must we languish,—she shall yet be mine:
Lo! in pity to the mother's tears,
Heaven accords a symbol and a sign;—
Soon as Autumn dies, and Winter's blast
From the north is chillily returning,
Soon as leaf and flower their hues have cast,
And in nakedness the trees are mourning,—
Then from out Vertumnus' lavish horn,
Slowly, silently, the gift I take,
Overcharged with life,—the golden corn—
As mine offering to the Stygian lake.
Into earth I sink the seed with sadness,
And it lies upon my daughter's heart;
Thus an emblem of my grief and gladness,
Of my love and anguish I impart.

When the handmaid hours, in circling duty,
Once again lead round the bowery spring,
Then upbounding life, and new-born beauty
Unto all that died, the sun shall bring.
Lo! the germ that lay from eyes of mortals
Long while confined by the earth's cold bosom,
Blushes, as it bursts the clayey portals
With the dyes of heaven on its blossom,
While the stems ascending, skyward tower,
Bashfully the fibres shun the light,—
Thus, to rear my tender ones, the powers
Both of heaven and earth unite.

Half-way in the land where light rejoices,
Half-way in the night-world of the tomb,
These to me are blessed herald voices,
Earthward wafted up from Orcus' gloom;
Yea, though dungeoned in the hell of hells,
Would I from the deep abyss infernal
Hear the silver peal, whose music swells
Gently from these blossoms young and vernal,
Singing that where old in rayless blindness
Darklingly the mourner phantoms move,
Even THERE are bosoms filled with kindness,
Even THERE are breasts alive with love.

Oh, my flowers! that, round the mead so sunny,
Odour-loaded, freshly bloom and blow,
Here I bless you, may redundant honey
Ever down your chalice petals flow!
Flowers! I'll bathe you in celestial light,
Blent with colours from the rainbow borrowed,
All your bells shall glisten with the bright
Hues that play around Aurora's forehead;
So, whene'er the days of springtime roll,
When the Autumn pours his yellow treasures,
May each bleeding heart and loving soul
Read in you my mingled pains and pleasures!

D. U. M.

TO THE DAISY.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy ;
But now my own delights I make,
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And Nature's love of thee partake,
Her much-loved daisy !

Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few grey hairs ;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee ;
Whole summer-fields are thine by right ;
And Autumn, melancholy wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight,
When rains are on thee.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose ;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling ;
Thou livest with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy flame ;
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rain we fly,
Or some bright day of April sky,
Imprison'd by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare,
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couch'd an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right;
Or strong invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humble urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh smitten by thy morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,

Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness:
And when at dusk, by dews opprest,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense—
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun,
As ready to salute the sun
As lark or leveret,
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time; thou not in vain
Art Nature's favourite.

WORDSWORTH.

APOLOGY FOR PLEASURE.

Who will assume the bays
That the hero wore ?
Wreaths on the tomb of days
Gone evermore !
Who shall disturb the brave,
Or one leaf on their holy grave ?
The laurel is vowed to them,
Leave the bay on its sacred stem ;
But this, the rose, the fading rose,
Alike for slave and freedman grows.

If Memory sits beside the dead,
With tombs her only treasure,
If Hope is lost, and Freedom fled,
The more excuse for pleasure !
Come, weave the wreath, the roses weave,
The rose at least is ours,
To feeble hearts our fathers leave,
In pitying scorn, the flowers !

On the summit worn and hoary
Of Phyles' solemn hill
The tramp of the brave is still !
And still on the saddening mart
The pulse of that mighty heart
Whose very blood was glory !

Glaucopis forsakes her own,
The angry gods forget us,
But yet the blue streams along
Wake the feet of the silver song,
And the night-bird wakes the moon,
And the bees in the blushing noon
Haunt the heart of the old Hymettus!
We are fallen, but not forlorn,
If something is left to cherish;
As Love was the earliest born,
So Love is the last to perish.

Wreath then the roses, wreath!
The beautiful still is ours,
While the stream shall flow, and the skies shall
glow,
The beautiful still is ours,
Whatever is fair, or soft, or bright,
In the lap of day, or the arms of night,
Whispers our soul of Greece, of Greece,
And hushes our cares with a voice of peace;
Wreath then the roses, wreath!
They tell me of earlier hours,
And I hear the heart of my country breathe
From the lips of the stranger's flowers.

BULWER.

THE HAREBELL.

"For me,"—she stooped, and, looking round,
 Plucked a blue harebell from the ground,—
 "For me, whose memory scarce conveys
 An image of more splendid days,
 This little flower, that loves the lea,
 May well my simple emblem be;
 It drinks heaven's dew blithe as the rose
 That in the king's own garden grows;
 And when I place it in my hair,
 Allan, a bard, is bound to swear
 He ne'er saw coronet so fair."

SCOTT.

 INSCRIPTION FOR A LADY'S FLORA.

BRIGHT as the dew, on early buds that glistens,
 Sparkle each hope upon thy flower-strewn
 path;
 Gay as a bird to its new mate that listens,
 Be to thy soul each winged joy it hath;
 Thy lot still lead through ever-blooming bowers,
 And Time for ever talk to thee in flowers.

Adorned in youth, while yet the summer roses
Of glowing girlhood bloom upon thy cheek,
And, loved not less when fading, there reposes
The lily that of spring-time past doth speak.
Never from life's garden to be rudely riven,
But softly stolen away from earth to heaven.

HOFFMAN.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame ;
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risk Ambition's losing game ;

That far from envy's lurid eye,
The fairest fruits of genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
In friendship's small but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers, though sweeter far,
The Evening Primrose shuns the day ;
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclined,
With wonder viewed the opening flower.

"Ill fated flower, at eve to blow,"
(In pity's simple thought he cries,)
"Thy bosom must not feel the glow
Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

"Nor thee the vagrants of the field,
The hamlet's little train, behold;
Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
When thine the falling shades unfold.

"Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
When love has filled his heart with cares:
For flowers he rifles all the meads;
For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

Buy my flowers, O buy, I pray,
The blind girl comes from afar;
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These flowers her children are!

Do they her beauty keep ?

They are fresh from her lap I know,
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms, an hour ago.

With the air which is her breath,
Her soft and delicate breath,
Over them murmuring low.

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
And their cheek with her tender tears are wet ;
For she weeps, that gentle mother weeps,
As morn and night her watch she keeps,
With a yearning heart and a passionate care ;—
To see the young things grow so fair ;
She weeps—for love she weeps,
And the dewdrops are the tears she weeps
From the well of a mother's love.

Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the loved rejoices,
But the blind girl's home is the house of night,
And its beings are empty voices.
As one in the realm below
I stand by the streams of woe,
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I thirst their loved forms to see,
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,

For the living are ghosts to me,
Come buy! come buy!
Hark how the sweet things sigh,
For they have a voice like ours,—
“ The breath of the blind-girl closes
“ The leaves of the saddening roses,
“ We are, we are sons of light,
“ We shrink from this child of night,
“ From the grasp of the blind-girl free us,
“ We yearn for the eyes that see us,
“ We are, for the night, too gay,
“ In your eyes we behold the day,”
—O buy,—O buy the flowers!

BULWER.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as
they! [bloom,
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and
Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the
tomb!

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither
“ toil nor spin;”
Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they're all appa-
relled in;

No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems
more bright [with light.
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiademed

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures
never pall; [to all!—
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy
blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may
freely share.

The happy careless creatures! of Time they take
no heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his
speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the
light away;
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, "Would God
that it were day!"

And when their lives are over, they drop away
to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom on holy Nature's
breast;
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from
decay—
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as
they!

C. BOWLES.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

SNOW-DROP.

NURSLING of the new-born year,
Sporting with the tempest's might,
Like the snow-flake I appear,
Robed in winter's vestal white.

CROCUS.

Forth from my bulbous dwelling
I leapt at the summons of spring,
What herald of emperor's telling
So gorgeous a tabard could bring?

SWEET VIOLET.

Born on a sloping bank, 'neath an old hawthorn
tree,
I shrank from the passing gaze, like a maiden,
timidly,
Till the wooing winds of March came whispering
such a tale,
That I op'd my balmy stores to enrich their
healthful gale.

PRIMROSE.

Near to a prattling stream,
Or under the hedgerow trees,
I bask in the sun's glad beam,
And list to the passing breeze.

When the village school is o'er,
And the happy children free,
Gladly they seek to explore
Haunts that are perfumed by me.

HEATH.

Where the wild-bee comes with a murmuring
song,
Pilfering sweets as he roams along,
I uprear my purple bell:
Listening the free-born eagles cry,
Marking the heath-cock's glancing eye,
On the mountain-side I dwell.

The echoes yet the notes prolong,
When one, who oft o'er hill and dell
Had sought the spots where flowrets dwell,
And knew their names and functions well,
And could of all their changes tell,
Thus answered to their song:

" Loveliest children of earth,
Of more than each rainbow hue,
Of beauty coeval with birth,
And fragrance found only in you!

" Oh! that like you I could live,
Free from all malice and strife,
That each thought and each pulse I could give
To the bountiful Giver of Life.

Until earth shall wax old and decay,
You shall ever triumphantly shine,
And on leaf and on petal display
The work of an Artist Divine."

R. P.

THE GENTIANELLA.

IN LEAF.

GREEN as thou art, obscurely green,
Meanest of plants among the mean!
From the dust I took my birth;
Thou too art a child of earth.
I aspire not to be great;
Scorn not thou my low estate:
Wait the time, and thou shall see
Honour crown humility;
Beauty set her seal on me.

IN FLOWER.

Blue thou art, intensely blue!
Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue?
When I opened first mine eye,
Upward glancing to the sky,
Straightway from the firmament,
Was the sapphire brilliance sent;

Brighter glory wouldst thou share?
Look to heaven, and seek it there
In the act of faith and prayer.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

TEACH thee their language? sweet I know no
tongue,

No mystic art those gentle things declare,
I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
Created things, so delicate and rare:

Their language? Prythee; why, they are them-
selves

But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and
hue,

The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
When tenderness as yet within the world was
new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—

Now bent on earth, to heaven now meekly
pleading,

Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,

Yet still from earth with freshening hope re-
ceding—

Say, do not these to every heart declare,
With all the silent eloquence of truth,
The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,
To give her back those spotless days of youth?

HOFFMAN.

LOVE SONG.

THE Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
And the Rose loved one;
For who recks the Wind where it blows?
Or loves not the Sun?

None knew whence the humble Wind stole,
Poor sport of the skies—
None dreamt that the Wind had a soul
In its mournful sighs.

Oh! happy Beam—how canst thou prove
That bright love of thine?
In thy light is the proof of thy love,
Thou hast but—to shine.

How its love can the Wind reveal?
Unwelcome its sigh,
Mute—mute to its Rose let it steal,
Its proof is—to die.

BULWER.

SPRING TIME.

THOU wak'st again, O Earth,
From winter's sleep!—
Bursting with voice of mirth
From icy keep;
And laughing at the sun,
Who hath their freedom won,
Thy waters leap!

Thou wak'st again, O Earth,
Freshly again,
And who by fireside hearth
Now will remain?
Come on thy rosy hours,—
Come on thy buds and flowers,
As when in Eden's bowers
Spring first did reign.
Birds on thy breezes chime
Blithe as in that matin-time,
Their choiring begun:
Earth, thou hast many a prime—
Man hath but one.

Thou wak'st again, O Earth!
Freshly and new,
As when at Spring's first birth
First flowerets grew.

Heart ! that to Earth doth cling,
While boughs are blossoming,
 Why wake not too ?
Long thou in sloth hast lain,
Listing to love's soft strain—
 Wilt thou sleep on ?
Playing, thou sluggard heart,
In life no manly part,
 Though youth be gone.
Wake ! 'tis Spring's quickening breath
 Now o'er thee blown ;
Wake thee ! and e'er in death
Pulseless thou slumbereth,
Pluck but from Glory's wreath
 One leaf alone !

HOFFMAN.

THE SHEPHERD TO THE FLOWERS.

SWEET violets, love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you, couched, bear
 Within your paly faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing
 wind,
That plays amidst the plain !
If, by the favour of propitious stars, you gain,

Such grace as in my Lady's bosom place to find,
Be proud to touch those places :
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth
wear,

Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,
You, honours of the flowery meads, I pray,
You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,
With mild and seemly breathing straight display
My bitter sighs that have my heart undone !

RALEIGH.

CUPID AND THE DIAL.

ONE day young frolic Cupid tried
To scatter roses o'er the hours,
And on the dial's face to hide
The course of time with many flowers.

By chance, his rosy wreaths had wound
Upon the hands and forced them on ;
And when he look'd again, he found
The hours had pass'd, the time was gone.

" Alas," said Love, and dropp'd his flowers,
I've lost my time in idle play ;
The sweeter I would make the hours,
The quicker they are pass'd away."

ANON.

THE IVY-SONG.

OH ! how could fancy crown with thee
In ancient days the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine !
Ivy ! thy home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more.
Where long-fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine.

The Roman on his battle plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadow'd the victor's tent ;
Though shining there in deathless green,
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lovest the silent scene
Around the victor's grave.
Urn and sculpture half-divine
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—
Ivy they know thee well !

And far above the festal vine,
Thou wavest where once proud banners hung,
Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine,
The Rhine, still fresh and young!
Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,
Ivy, all are thine!

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanished race,
Where harp, and battle, and renown,
Have passed and left no trace.
But thou art there serenely bright,
Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
Or crown the lowliest tomb!
Ivy, Ivy! all are thine,
Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis all the same; our pilgrim tread
O'er classic plains, through deserts free,
On the mute path of ages fled,
Still meets decay and thee.
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, stern in power,
Days past—thou Ivy never sere!
And thou shalt have thy dower.
All are thine, or must be thine!
Temple, pillar, shrine!

HEMANS.

WITHERING—WITHERING.

WITHERING—withering—all are withering—
All of Hope's flowers that youth hath nursed—
Flowers of Love too early blossoming!
Buds of Ambition too frail to burst.

Faintly—faintly—O! how faintly
I feel life's pulses ebb and flow:
Yet sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily
With one who should not wish to live moe.

Nay! why, young heart, thus timidly shrinking?
Why doth thy upward wing thus tire?
Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,
When they should only waft thee higher?

Upward—upward let them be waving,
Lifting the soul toward her place of birth:
There are guerdons there, more worth thy
having—
Far more than any these lures of the earth.

HOFFMAN.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE

FAIR flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening hues of sober grey,
Thy cup of paly gold ;

Be thine the offering, owing long,
To thee and to this pensive hour,
Of the brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light ;
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the light breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile,
In sorrow's darkening shade.

Thus it bursts forth like thy pale cup,
Glistening amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears ;

But still more animating far,
If meek religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimmering earth-born star,
The holier hope of grace !

The hope that, as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth mercy's ray.

BARTON.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

THOU first-born of the year's delight,
Pride of the dewy glade,
In vernal green and virgin white,
Thy vestal robes arrayed :

'Tis not because thy drooping form
Sinks grateful on its nest,
When chilly shades from gathering storm
Affright thy tender breast ;

Nor from yon river islet wild,
Beneath the willow spray,
Where, like the ringlets of a child,
Thou wear'st thy circle gay;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear,—
Thy shy averted smiles
To fancy bode a joyous year,
One of life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,
And cheer the ungenial day,
And tell us all will glisten soon,
As green and bright as they.

Is there a heart that loves the spring,
Their witness can refuse?
Yet mortals doubt when angels bring
From Heaven their Easter news:

When holy maids and matrons speak
Of Christ's forsaken bed,
And voices, that forbid to seek
The living 'mid the dead;

And when they say, "Turn, wandering heart,
Thy Lord is risen indeed,
Let pleasure go, put care apart,
And to his presence speed;"

We smile in scorn ; and yet we know
They early sought the tomb,
Their hearts that now so freshly glow,
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,
Wear not so bright a glance :
They who have won their earthly mind,
Less rev'rently advance.

But where, in gentle spirits, fear
And joy so duly meet,
These sure have seen the angels near,
And kiss'd the Saviour's feet.

Nor let the pastor's thankful eye
Their faltering tale disdain,
As on their lowly couch they lie,
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts
From thee would start aloof,
Where patience her sweet skill imparts
Beneath some cottage roof :

Revive our dying fires, to burn
High as her anthems soar,
And of our scholars let us learn
Our own forgotten lore.

KEEBLE.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year ;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearled with dew ;
 I straight will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are washed with tears.
 Ask me why this flower doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break ;
 I must tell you these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

CAREW.

 TO A JASMINE TREE

GROWING IN THE COURT OF HAWORTH CASTLE.

My slight and slender jasmine-tree,
 That bloomest on my Border-tower,
 Thou art more dearly loved by me
 Than all the wealth of fairy bower.

I ask not, while I near thee dwell,
Arabia's spice or Syria's rose;
Thy bright festoons more freshly smell,
Thy virgin white more freshly glows.

My mild and winsome jasmine-tree,
That climbest up the dark-grey wall,
Thy tiny flowerets seem in glee,
Like silver spray-drops down to fall:
Say, did they from their leaves thus peep,
When mail'd moss-troopers rode the hill;
When helmed wardens paced the keep,
And bugles blew for Belted Will?

My free and feathery jasmine-tree,
Within the fragrance of thy breath,
Yon dungeon grated to its key,
And the chained captive pined for death.
On Border fray, on feudal crime,
I dream not while I gaze on thee;
The chieftains of that stern old time
Could ne'er have loved a jasmine-tree.

LORD MORPETH.

TO AN AUTUMN ROSE.

TELL her I love her—love her for those eyes,
Now soft with feeling, radiant now with mirth
Which, like a lake reflecting autumn skies,
Reveal two heavens here to us on Earth—
The one in which their soulful beauty lies,
And that wherein such soulfulness has birth :
Go to my lady ere the season flies,
And the rude winter comes thy bloom to blast—
Go ! and with all of eloquence thou hast,
The burning story of my love discover,
And if the theme should fail, alas ! to move her,
Tell her, when youth's gay summer-flowers are
past,
Like thee, my love will blossom to the last !

HOFFMAN.

THE FIELD FLOWER.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale;

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Stays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms in consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest,

'Tis Flora's page :—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE HELIOTROPE.

THERE is a flower whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh,
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled ;
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
And thou art faithless as the flower.

ANON.

THE DESOLATE ONE.

As wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been;
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed
the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That survives in this desolate heart;
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart;

Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal
and bright,

In the days of delusion by Fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of Woe and De-
light,

Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

CAMPBELL.

THE MOSS SUPPLICATETH FOR THE
POET.

THOUGH I am humble, slight me not,
But love me for the poet's sake;
Forget me not till he's forgot;
I, care or slight, with him would take.

For oft he passed the blossoms by,
And gazed on me with kindly look;
Left flaunting flowers and open sky,
And wooed me by the shady brook.

And like the brook his voice was low;
So soft, so sad the words he spoke,
That with the stream they seemed to flow;
They told me that his heart was broke:—

They said, the world he fain would shun,
 And seek the still and twilight wood—
 His spirit, weary of the sun,
 In humblest things found chiefest good ;

That I was of a lowly frame,
 And far more constant than the flower,
 Which vain with many a boastful name,
 But fluttered out its idle hour ;

That I was kind to old decay,
 And wrapt it softly round in green,
 On naked root, and trunk of gray,
 Spread out a garniture and screen :—

They said that he was withering fast,
 Without a sheltering friend like me ;
 That on his manhood fell a blast,
 And left him bare, like yonder tree ;

That spring would clothe his boughs no more,
 Nor ring his boughs with song of bird—
 Sounds like the melancholy shore,
 Alone were through his branches heard.

Methought, as then he stood to trace
 The withered stems, there stole a tear—
 That I could read in his sad face,—
 Brothers, our sorrows make us near.

And then he stretched him all along,
 And laid his head upon my breast,
 List'ning the water's peaceful song,
 How glad was I to tend his rest!

Then happier grew his soothed soul,
 He turned and watched the sunlight play
 Upon my face, as in it stole,
 Whispering, Above is brighter day!

He praised my varied hues—the green,
 The silver hoar, the golden brown;
 Said, Lovelier hues were never seen;
 Then gently press'd my tender down.

And where I sent up little shoots,
 He called them trees, in fond conceit:
 Like silly lovers, in their suits,
 He talked, his cares a while to cheat.

I said, I'd deck me in the dews,
 Could I but chase away his care,
 And clothe me in a thousand hues,
 To bring him joys that I might share.

He answered, earth no blessing had
 To cure his lone and aching heart—
 That I was one, when he was sad,
 Oft stole him from his pain, in part.

But e'en from thee, he said, I go,
To meet the world, its care and strife,
No more to watch this quiet flow,
Or spend with thee a gentle life.

And yet the brook is gliding on,
And I, without a care, at rest,
While back to toiling life he's gone,
Where finds his head no faithful breast.

Deal gently with him, world, I pray;
Ye cares, like softened shadows come;
His spirit, well nigh worn away,
Asks with me but a while a home.

O, may I live, and when he dies
Be at his feet a humble sod;
O, may I lay me where he lies,
To die when he awakes in God!

DANA.

STANZAS TO TWO EARLY VIOLETS.

Twins of the spring,
What airs of wood-wild sweets
Lurk in your fragrant leaves!
What dreams ye bring
Of early, nameless joys, that youth first greets,
Ere time the heart bereaves
Of all its gladness!

Oh ! vague delight,
Which hails the vernal day
Of youthful flowery morn,
With hopes as bright
As Nature's robe is gorgeously gay,
Ere the fresh heart is worn
By withering sadness.

Oh ! vague delight !
No more in after-day
Ye ever can return ;
A mildew'd blight
Obscures the brightness of that matin ray,
And then we just discern
Our joys were madness.

Children of spring !
Yet still your blossoms bear
Power of refined delight ;
Ye bid me sing
Of dreams and days the vulgar cannot share ;
In fortune's proud despite
I give thee welcoming.

ANON.

PRIDE AND THE POPPIES.

“ WE little red-caps are among the corn,
Merrily dancing at early morn,
We know that the farmer hates to see
Our saucy red faces ; but here are we !

“ We pay no price for our summer coats,
Like those slavish creatures, barley and oats ;
We don't choose to be ground and eat,
Like our heavy-head neighbour, Gaffer Wheat.

“ Who dare thrash us, we should like to know !
Grind us, and bag us, and use us so !
Let meaner and shabbier things than we
So stupidly bend to utility !”

So said little red-cap, and all the rout
Of the Poppy-clan set up a mighty shout ;
Mighty for them, but if you had heard,
You had thought it the cry of a tiny bird.

So the Poppy-folk flaunted it over the field,
In pride of grandeur they nodded and reeled ;
And shook out their jackets, till nought was seen
But a wide, wide skimmer of scarlet and green.

The Blue-bottle sat on her downy stalk,
Quietly smiling at all their talk ;
The Marigold still spread her rays to the sun,
And the purple Vetch climbed up to peep at the
fun.

The homely Corn-cockle cared nothing, not
she,
For the arrogance, bluster, and poor vanity
Of the proud Poppy-tribe, but she flourished
and grew,
Content with herself and her plain purple hue.

The sun went down, and rose bright on the
morrow,
To some bringing joy, and to others e'en sor-
row,
But blithe was the rich rosy farmer that morn
When he went with his reapers among the corn.

He trotted along, and he cracked his joke,
And chatted and laughed with the harvest-folk ;
For the weather was settled, barometers high,
And heavy crops gladden'd his practised eye.

" We'll cut this barley to-day," quoth he,
As he tied his white pony under a tree,
" Next the upland wheat, and then the oats,"
How the Poppies shook in their scarlet coats !

Aye, shook with laughter, not fear, for they
Never dreamed they too should be swept away,
And their laughter was spite, to think that all
Their "useful" neighbours were doomed to
fall.

They swelled and bustled with such an air,
The corn-fields quite in commotion were,
And the farmer cried, glancing across the grain,
"How these rascally weeds have come up again!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Red-caps, "Ha! ha!
what a fuss
Must the poor weeds be in! how they're envy-
ing us!"
But their mirth was cut short by the sturdy
strokes
They speedily met from the harvest-folks.

And when low on earth each stem was laid,
And the round moon looked on the havoc made,
A Blue-bottle propped herself half erect,
And made a short speech—to this effect,—

"My dying kins-flowers, and fainting friends,
The same dire fate alike attends
Those who in scarlet or blue are dressed,
Then how silly the pride that so late possessed

“ Our friends the Red-caps ! how low they lie,
Who were lately so pert, and vain, and high !
They sneered at us and our plain array ;
Are we now a whit more humble than they ?

“ They scorned our neighbours :—the goodly corn
Was the butt of their merriment eve and morn,
They lived on its land, from its bounty fed,
But a word of thanks they never have said.

“ And which is the worthiest now, I pray ?
Have ye not learned enough to-day ?
Is not the corn sheafed up with care,
And are not the Poppies left dying there ?

“ The corn will be carried and garnered up
To gladden man’s heart both with loaf and cup ;
And some of the seed the land now yields
Will be brought again to its native fields,

“ And grow, and ripen, and wave next year
As richly as this hath ripened here ;
And we poor weeds, though needed not,
Perchance may spring up on this very spot.

“ But let us be thankful and humble too ;
Not proud and vain of a gaudy hue ;
Ever remembering though meanly drest,
That USEFULNESS is of all gifts the best.”

L. A. TWAMLEY.

MORNING.

THE green leaves waving in the morning gale—
 The little birds that 'mid their freshness sing,
 The wild-wood flowers so tender-eyed and pale—
 The wood-mouse sitting by the forest spring—
 The morning dew—the wild bee's woodland hum,
 All woo my feet to nature's forest home.

And ah! most beautiful—most passing sweet,
 It is to wander in an hour like this—
 Where twisted branches overhead do meet,
 And gentle airs the bursting buds do kiss,
 Where forest-paths and glades, and thickets
 green
 Make up, of flowers and leaves, a world serene.

The soul can learn—will learn—to love all things
 That God hath made—to pity and forgive
 All faults, all failings: Here the heart's deep
 springs
 Are opened up, and all on earth who live
 To me grow nearer, dearer than before;
 My brother loving, I my God adore!

NICOLI.

TO A LADY BLUSHING.

THE lilies faintly to the roses yield,
 As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,
 (Who would not strive upon so sweet a field
 To win the mastery?)
 And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes revealed,
 Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unsealed.

I could not wish that in thy bosom aught
 Should e'er one moment's transient pain
 awaken,
 Yet can't regret that thou—forgive the thought—
 As flowers when shaken
 Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind,
 Should, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

HOFFMAN.

A CLUMP OF DAISIES.

YE daisies gay,
 This fresh spring day
 Close gathered here together,
 To play in the light,
 To sleep all the night,
 To abide through sullen weather;

Ye creatures bland,
A simple band,
Ye free ones linked in pleasure,
And linked when your forms
Stoop low in the storms,
And the rain comes down without measure ;

When wild clouds fly
Athwart the sky,
And ghostly shadows, glancing,
Are darkening the gleam
Of the hurrying stream,
And your close, bright heads gaily dancing ;

Though dull a while,
Again ye smile ;
For see the warm sun breaking ;
The stream's going glad,
There's nothing now sad,
And the small bird his song is waking.

The dew-drop sip
With dainty lip !
The sun is low descended,
And, moon ! softly fall
On troop true and small !
Sky and earth, in one, kindly blended.

And, morning! spread
Their jewelled bed
With lights in the east sky springing!
And, brook! breathe around
Thy low murmured sound!
May they move, ye birds, to your singing!

For in their play
I hear them say,
Here, man, thy wisdom borrow:
In heart be a child,
In word true and mild:
Hold thy faith, come joy or come sorrow.

DANA.

TO THE MELANCHOLY GILLIFLOWER.

Oh why, thou lone and lovely flower,
Deny thy sweetness to the day;
And ever in night's hushest hour,
Still sigh thy fragrant life away?

The wild-bee murmurs round each spray,
And kisses every flower but thine;
No scent allures the vagrant's way,
Or tempts him to thy golden mine.

The glowing breath of gorgeous noon
Is swelled by every other sweet ;
Why dost thou only the pale moon
And chilly night-winds love to greet ?

When young Endymion earliest dream'd
On that wild hill's enchanted ground,
The faltering radiance fearful gleam'd
And cast a quivering light around.

Still, in his dreams, did charmed sighs
Float trembling o'er his favoured head,
And strange mysterious music rise,
And hover round his mountain bed.

Thine was the conscious flower that threw
Its lovely fragrance on the night ;
Thou only oped thy pallid hue
Beneath the silent flood of light.

Thy sisters veil their foreheads fair,
And fold their bells on heath and dale ;
Nor on the misty evening air
Their breath of sweetness dare exhale.

But thou dost long for holy eve,
To shroud thee from day's piercing eye ;
Night's chilly hours alone receive
Thy secret tear and perfumed sigh.

ANON.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE sun declines, his parting ray
Shall bear the cheerful light away,
And on the landscape close :
Then will I seek the lonely vale,
Where sober evening's primrose pale
To greet the night star blows.

Soft melancholy bloom, to thee
I turn, with conscious sympathy,
Like thee my hour is come ;
When lengthening shadows slowly fade,
Till, lost in universal shade,
They sink beneath the tomb.

By thee I'll sit and inly muse,
What are the charms in life we lose
When time demands our breath ?
Alas ! the load of lengthen'd age
Has little can our wish engage,
Or point the shaft of death.

No, 'tis alone the pang to part
With those we love, that rends the heart ;
That agony to save,
Some nameless cause in nature strives ;
Like thee, in shades our hope revives,
And blossoms in the grave.

MRS. HUNTER.

TO A PRIMROSE IN A CHURCHYARD.

SWEET exile of the hills !
What dost thou here ?
Far from thy native rills,
And fountains clear !
Why is thy young perfume,
Thy star-like bell,
Beside the silent tomb
Condemn'd to dwell ?

Oh ! surely thou dost love
The tall tree's shade,
The thickly foliaged grove,
The dewy glade :
The bank whereon the bee
At noon reposes
Amid the luxury
Of summer roses !

And here no sheltering bower
A curtain weaves
To bend in beauty o'er
Thy tender leaves :
No drooping violet
Expands in glee
Its purple coronet
To welcome thee !

Yet thou dost brightly bloom
 When all around
 Breathes of sepulchral gloom
 And grief profound :—
 Like to some sunny gleam
 In life's dark sky,
 Or a remembered dream
 Of bliss gone by !

ANON.

FADED FLOWERS.

FADED flowers,
 Sweet faded flowers,
 Beauty and death
 Have ruled your hours ;
 Ye woke in bloom but a morn ago,
 And now are your blossoms in dust laid low.

But yesterday
 With the breeze ye strove,
 In the play of life,
 In the pride of love ;
 To and fro swung each radiant head,
 That now is drooping and pale and dead !

Delicate flower,
With the pearl-white bells,
No more shall dew-drop
Sleep in thy cells !

No more, rich rose, on thy heaving breast,
The honey-bee fold his wings to rest !

Fair myrtle-tree,
Thy blossoms lie low,
But green above them
Thy branches grow ;
Like a buried love, or a vanished joy,
Linked into memories none destroy.

Faded flowers,
Sweet faded flowers,—
Fair frail records
Of Eden's bowers ;
In a world where sorrow and wrong bear sway,
Why should ye linger ?—away ! away !

What were the emblems
Pride to stain,
Might ye your glorious
Crown retain ?
And what for the young heart, bow'd with grief,
Were the rose ne'er seen with a wither'd leaf ?

Ye bloom to tell us
What once hath been ;
What ye shall in heaven
Again be seen ;
Ye die that man in his strength may learn
How vain the hopes in his heart that burn.

Many in form
And bright in hue !
I know your fate,
But the earth to strew,
And my soul flies on to immortal bowers,
Where the heart and the rose are not faded
flowers.

MISS JEWSBURY.

MAY.

MAY, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month, when pleasure is a duty ;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich and breath divine ;
Month of bees, and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers ;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love and poets' praises ;
O thou merry month complete,
May, thy very name is sweet ;

MAY WAS MAID in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough,
May's the month that's laughing now!

LEIGH HUNT.

THE VIOLET.

SWEETEST little purple flower!
Found most oft by lonely tower,
Or in the woodland, or the vale,
Sending forth thy odorous gale.

Thy lovely form, of deepen'd hue,
Is bathed in morn and evening dew;
And in return for nature's store,
Thy balmy fragrance thou dost pour.

Thou liv'st unseen and quite retired,
By all thy kindred unadmired,
Save the pale primrose, who, like thee,
Lies hidden in obscurity.

So virtue shuns the vulgar gaze,
Nor courts the empty breath of praise;
But in the solitary glade
Shines forth, in Beauty's self array'd.

EMMA PRIOR.

THE LILY.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps
In Lumin's flowery vale :
Beneath the dew the lily weeps,
Slow waving to the gale.

" Cease, restless gale !" it seems to say,
" Nor wake me with thy sighing !
The honors of my vernal day
On rapid wings are flying.

" To-morrow shall the traveller come,
Who late beheld me blooming ;
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Lumin."

COLERIDGE.

O, BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

O, BONNIE was yon rosy brier
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear !
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green ;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
But love is a far sweeter flower,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
And I, the world nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

BURNS.

THE ROSE-BUD.

WHEN Nature tries her finest touch,
Weaving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye, how close she veils her round,
Not to be traced by sight or sound,
Nor soiled by ruder breath !

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast ?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest ?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair,—
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and lo ! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray—
A brighter star, a richer bloom
Than e'er did western heaven illumine
At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven ;
Love—gentle, holy, pure :
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse rude earth :
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon her sacred trance,
Who boasts a heavenly birth ?

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least known its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen—
As when, triumphant o'er his woes,
The Son of God, by moonlight rose,
By all but Heaven unseen :

As when the holy maid beheld
Her risen Son and Lord :
Thought has not colours half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove, that brought from heaven
The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,
Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,
Old Israel's long-lost Son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He called his conscious brethren near,
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight—
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasures of delight ?

No—let the dainty rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide—
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her, in her own soft noon,
To flourish and abide.

KEEBLE.

WINTER.

THE dead leaves strew the forest-walk,
And withered are the pale wild-flowers ;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the spring's green, sprouting bowers,
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learned a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swelled from yonder tree—
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perched, and raised her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she ?
Away—where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there ;
The northern breeze that rustles by,
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair ;
No forest-tree stands stript and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
No mountain-top, with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds,—and seek
A happier clime, with livelier flight ;
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek ;
And leave me lonely with the night.
I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And mark where all its glories shone—
See—that it all is fair and bright,
Feel—that it all is cold and gone !

BRAINARD.

APRIL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

APRIL, sweet month, the daintiest of all,
Fair thee befall :
April, fond hope of fruits that lie
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,
There closely lapt,
Nursing their tender infancy.

April, that dost thy yellow green and blue,
All round thee strew,
When, as thou goest, the grassy floor
Is with a million flowers depeint,
Whose colours quaint
Have diaper'd the meadows o'er.

April, at whose glad coming zephyrs rise
With whisper'd sighs,
Then on their light wing brush away,
And hang amid the woodlands fresh
Their airy mesh,
To tangle Flora on her way.

April, it is thy hand that doth unlock,
From plain and rock,
Odours and hues, a balmy store,
That breathing lie on Nature's breast,
So richly blest
That earth or heaven can ask no more.

April, thy blooms amid the tresses laid
Of my sweet maid,
Adown her neck and bosom flow ;
And in a wild profusion there,
Her shifting hair
With them hath blent a golden glow.

April, the dimpled smiles, the playful grace,
That in the face
Of Cytherea haunt, are thine ;
And thine the breath that, from their skies,
The deities
Inhale, an offering at thy shrine.

'Tis thou that dost, with summons blythe and
soft,
High up aloft,
From banishment these heralds bring,
These swallows, that along the air
Send swift, and bear
Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April, the hawthorn and eglantine,
Purple woodbine,
Streak'd pink, and lily-cup, and rose,
And thyme, and margoram are spreading
Where thou art treading,
And their sweet eyes for thee uncloze.

The little nightingale sits singing aye,
On leafy spray,
And in her fitful strain doth run
A thousand and a thousand changes,
With voice that ranges
Through every sweet division.

April, it is when thou dost come again,
That love is fain
With gentlest breath the fires to wake,
That covered up and slumbering lay,
Through many a day,
When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime
Of the spring-time,
The hives pour out their lusty young,
And hear'st the yellow bees that ply,
With laden thigh,
Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wreath unfold,
His fruits of gold,
His fertilising dew, that swell
In manna on each pike and stem,
And, like a gem,
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will, may praise him ; but my voice shall be,
Sweet month, for thee ;
Thou that to her dost owe thy name,
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide
Swell and divide,
Whence forth to life and light she came.

REMI BELLEAU.

LOVE'S WITHERED WREATH.

STRETCHED all his length upon a sunny bank,
A youth lay plucking at the flowers around,
The which he flung about in childish prank
Until half buried in the flowery mound,
Whose odorous blossoms littered all the
ground ;
And then in wayward mirth he strove amain,
All laughingly, the leaves to gather up again.

Then sitting down with staid and serious face,
He set himself to twine a rosy wreath;
Yet still inconstantly would join the chase
If chanced a butterfly to cross the heath;
Yet back would laughing come, all out of
breath,
And set himself to task, with serious air,
His wreathed coronal of flowers to weave and
wear.

And so time wended with the merry boy,
All through the changes of a summer's day;
Yet seemed the lonely revel not to cloy,
But still by fits he laughed and fell to play,
Then gravely platted at the flowers away,
Until, alternate daisy, brier, and heath,
He knit into a band, and crowned himself there-
with.

Whereat he rose, and looked about him then,
Spying the lengthening shadows of the eve,
And seemed as one unconsciously o'erta'en,
And gathering up a bow and arrow-sheaf,
That lay half-buried beneath flower and leaf,
He turned him toward the sun's declining light,
And spread, in haste, his wings, prepared for
homeward flight.

Then first, all stern and stark, there met his
eye

An aged man, that had been looking on,
At sight of whom he gazed full tristfully,
And snatched it off, and strove to hide his
crown,

Whereat Death sternly claimed it for his own,
'Earth's flowers are mine!' he said, 'even Love's
own wreath

Fades to a royal garland for the brow of Death !'

Upon whose touch, the flowers, as struck by
blight,

Dropped from his hand, all withered to the
ground,

Which Love picked up, and, weeping at the
sight,

He smoothed the shriveled leaves, and waved
it round,

Then clasped it to his breast, and, with a
bound,

Sprung from the earth, and, soaring, heaven-
ward flew,

While the dead leaves distilled such fragrant
dew,

That all the air was filled with odours they out-
threw.

EDITOR.

THE NIGHT-BLOWING STOCK.

PALE flower ! that to the stars and dewy hours
Givest thy fragrance, when the day is past ;
Eve's modest gem ! for none among the flowers
Have such rich odours on the darkness cast.

Dost thou for sylph or fay thy perfume wake,
Or garden spirit flitting through the gloom ;
When moonlight lingers in some forest brake,
And meteor lights the deep blue skies illumine ?

Thou shalt be dedicate to that sweet bird,
Dweller in shades, and silent all day long,
Of unobtrusive form, unseen—unheard,
'Till night receives her full deep tide of song.

Like thee, I hail the time when winds are sleep-
ing,
When flowers are closing round the brow of night,
For lonely thought is then a vigil keeping,
And prayers are rising to the throne of light !

MRS. H. W. RICHTER.

INDIAN SUMMER.

LIGHT as love's smiles the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river ;
The Blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze
borne,

As high in air he carols, faintly quiver ;
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving ;
Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels
shiver ;

The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily
leaping.

I love thee Autumn, for thy scenery, ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That richly deck the slow-declining year ;

I love the splendour of thy sun-set skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each failing leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love,
too brief ;

I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
And wings his loitering flight to summer climes
away.

Oh Nature ! fondly I still turn to thee
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's
were ;—
Though wild and passion-tost my youth may be,
Toward thee I still the same devotion bear ;
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no
more
Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
Still—still, child-like I come, as when in
prayer
I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,
And deemed the world, like her, all truth and
purity.

HOFFMAN.

SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming ! joyous spring !
See the messengers that bring
Tidings, every heart to cheer,
That her advent bright is here.
See, the many-coloured train,
Peeping up on glade and plain—
Crocuses, and snow-drops white,
Struggle into sunny light,
And the violet of blue,
And the valley's lily too.

I could dream their fairy bells
Ring a merry chime that tells
Spring is coming!—and when they
Faint and fade and fall away,
'Tis that long by winter nurst,
Their full hearts with joy may burst.

At the tidings that they bring,
“ Spring is coming ! welcome spring ! ”
Children we of northern skies,
Most her loveliness do prize—
Most, with longing hearts, we yearn
For her swift and sure return ;
We who know the sullen gloom,
When the earth is Nature's tomb ;
Well may we with heart and voice
At the sweet spring-tide rejoice.

Dwellers in more genial climes,
Not for you these passing rhymes ;
Ye can never understand
The contrasts of our northern land.
Ye are not so great and wise,
Ye have lowlier destinies
Than the children of a zone
Where the wintry blasts are known.

But gaunt famine doth not stride
By the proud and wealthy's side ;

There ye see not little feet
Press upon the frozen street,
While the infant's tearful eye
Tells its tale of misery.

When in curtain'd, lighted hall,
What to you the snow-flake's fall!
When beside the blazing log,
What to you is frost or fog?
When on down your limbs you stretch,
Think ye of the homeless wretch?

To the poor it is that spring
Doth her richest treasures bring;
And methinks that I do hear
Countless voices, far and near,
Joining in a grateful strain,
"Spring is come at last again!"

CAMILLA TOULMIN.

THE EARLY YEAR.

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,
Ye faithful swallows fleet of wing,
Houps, Cuckoos, Nightingales,
Turtles and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small;
And ye, whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint—
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroider'd train
Of butterflies, that on the plain
Of each sweet herblet sip;
And ye, new swarm of bees, that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,
To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call
A hearty welcome on ye all!
This season how I love!
This merry din on every shore,
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
Forbade my steps to rove.

RONSARD.

GENTLE HAWTHORN.

FAIR Hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowering
Along this lovely shore;
To thy foot around,
With his long arms wound,
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,
Red ants have ta'en
Their fortress beneath thy stock :
And in clefts of thy trunk,
Tiny bees have sunk
A cell where their honey they lock.

In merry spring-tide,
When to woo his bride,
The nightingale comes again,
Thy boughs among
He warbles the song
That lightens a lover's pain.

'Mid thy topmost leaves
His nest he weaves,
Of moss and the satin fine,
Where his callow brood
Shall chirp at their food,
Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle Hawthorn, thrive,
And forever alive
May'st thou blossom as now in thy prime ;
By the wind unbroke
And the thunder stroke,
Unspoil'd by the axe or time.

ANON.

A WITHERED TREE IN JUNE.

DESOLATE tree, why are thy branches bare ?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun ?

Thou wert not churlish in thy palmier year
Unto the herd ;
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
Home to the bird !

And, ever, once the earliest of the grove,
Thy smiles were gay :
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love
To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,
Around thee gleam
Feaster and darling of the gilded things,
That dwell i' the beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped !
How lonely now :
How bird and bee, light parasites, have fled
The leafless bough !

Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare ?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun ?

“Never,” replied that forest hermit lone,
(Old truth, and endless !)

“Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
Are we left friendless.

Yet, wholly, not for winter, nor for storm,
Doth love depart :

We are not all forsaken till the worm
Creeps to the heart !

Ah, nought without—within thee, if decay—
Can heal or hurt thee !

Nor boots it if thy heart itself betray
Who may desert thee !

BULWER.

THE WEEPER.

THE dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck ;
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck.
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich,
As the drops distilled from thee.
Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
Caskets of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty—
For she is a queen—
Then she is dressed by none but thee.
Then, and only then, she wears
Her richest pearls—I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
Sits sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

CRASHAW.

THE ST. JOHN'S WORT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE young maid stole through the cottage door,
 And blush'd as she sought the plant of power :
 " Thou silver glow-worm, oh, lend me thy light,
 I must gather the mystic St. John's-wort to-
 night—

The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
 If the coming year shall make me a bride !'
 And the glow-worm came
 With its silvery flame,
 And sparkled and shone
 Through the night of St. John,
 And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.

With noiseless tread,
 To her chamber she sped,
 Where the spectral moon her white beams shed :
 " Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
 To deck the young bride in her bridal hour !"
 But it droop'd its head, that plant of power,
 And died the mute death of the voiceless flower ;
 And a wither'd wreath on the ground it lay,
 More meet for a burial than bridal day.

And when a year was past away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay ;
 And the glow-worm came
 With its silvery flame,
 And sparkled and shone
 Through the night of St John,
As they closed the cold grave o'er the maiden's
 clay. CAWOOD.

COME, SPRING.

THE snow yet in the hollow lies ;
 But, where by shelvy hill 'tis seen,
A thousand rills—its waste supplies—
 Are trickling over beds of green.
Down in the meadow glancing wings
 Flit in the sunshine round a tree,
Where still a frosted apple clings,
 Regale for early Chickadee :

And chesnut buds begin to swell,
 Where Flying-squirrels peep to know
If from the tree-top, yet, 'twere well
 To sail on leathery wing below—
As gently shy and timorsome,
 Still holds she back who should be mine ;
Come, Spring, to her coy bosom, come,
 And warm it toward her Valentine !

Come, Spring, and with the breeze that calls
The wind-flower by the hill-side rill,
The soft breeze that by orchard walls
First dallies with the daffodil,—
Come lift the tresses from her cheek,
And let me see the blush divine,
That mantling there, those curls would seek
To hide from her true Valentine.

Come, Spring, and with the Red-breast's note,
That tells of bridal tenderness,
Where on the breeze he'll warbling float
Afar his nesting mate to bless—
Come, whisper 'tis not always Spring!
When birds may mate on every spray—
That April boughs cease blossoming!
With love it is not always May!

Come, touch her heart with thy soft tale,
Of tears within the floweret's cup,
Of fairest things that soonest fail,
Of hopes we vainly garner up—
And while, that gentle heart to melt,
Like mingled wreath, such tale you twine,
Whisper what lasting bliss was felt
In lot shared with her Valentine.

HOFFMAN.

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright
forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives ;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured
wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves
along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope
throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows
throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

LONGFELLOW.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight:
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
Then she mounts again, and around her flings
A shower of light from her purple wings,
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high
That silently fills it with ecstasy!

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms o'er waters meet;
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,
That smiles as it curls, like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold
She paints a border of crimson and gold,

Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has pass'd away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power,
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream ;
Still wheeling her flight through the glad some
air,

The Spirit of Beauty is every where !

RUFUS DAWES.

FLOWERS FOR THE BEE.

COME, honey-bee, with thy busy hum,
To the fragrant tufts of the wild thyme come,
And sip the sweet dew from the cowslip's head,
From the lily's bell and the violet's bed.

Come honey-bee,
There is spread for thee
A rich repast in wood and field,
And a thousand flowers
Within our bowers
To thee their nectar'd essence yield.

Come, honey-bee, to our woodlands come,
There's a lesson for us in thy busy hum ;

Thou hast treasure in store in the hawthorn's
wreath,
In the golden broom and the purple heath ;
And flowers less fair
That scent the air,
Like pleasant friends, drop balm for thee,
And thou winnest spoil
By thy daily toil,
Thou patient, and thrifty, and diligent bee.

We may learn from the bee the wise man's lore,
" The hand of the diligent gathereth store."
He plies in his calling from morn till night,
Nor tires of his labour nor flags in his flight :
From numberless blossoms of every hue,
He gathers the nectar and sips the dew.

Then homeward he speeds
O'er the fragrant meads,
And he hums as he goes his thankful lay.—
Let our thanks too arise
For our daily supplies,
As homeward and heavenward we haste on
our way.

G. BESSELL.

TO A PRIMROSE.

WELCOME, pale primrose, starting up between
Dead matted leaves of oak and ash, that strew
The every lawn, the wood and meadow through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green.

How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glow's on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are
found,

The school-boy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight;
While the meek shepherd stays his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight—
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

CLARE.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here •
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He that arch'd the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within?—

Then fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God.

J. M. GOOD.

WORSHIP OF THE ROSE TREE.

AUTHOR of beauty Spirit of power,
Thou who didst will that the Rose should be,
Here is the place and this the hour
To seek thy presence, and bow to thee.
Bright is the world with the sun's first rays,
Cool is the dew on the soft, green sod, [praise,
The Rose-tree blooms, while the birds sing
And earth gives glory to nature's God.

Under this beautiful work of thine,
The flowery boughs that are bending o'er
The glistening turf, to thy will divine
I kneel, and its maker and mine adore!
Thou art around us: The robe of light
Touches the gracefully waving tree,
Turning to jewels the tears of night
And making the buds unfold to thee.

Thy name is marked in delicate lines,
On flower and leaf that deck the stem;
Thy care is seen, and thy wisdom shines
In even the thorn that is guarding them.
Now, while the Rose that has burst her cup,
Opens her heart and freely throws
To me her odours, I offer up
Thanks to the Being who made the Rose.

H. F. GOULD.

SHARON'S ROSE.

Go, Warrior! pluck the laurel bough,
And bind it round thy reeking brow;
Ye sons of Pleasure, blithely twine
A chaplet of the purple vine;
And Beauty, cull each blushing flower,
That ever deck'd the sylvan bower;
No wreath is bright, no garland fair,
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

The laurel branch will droop and die,
The vine its purple fruit deny,
The wreath that smiling beauty twin'd
Will leave no lingering bud behind;
For beauty's wreath, and beauty's bloom,
In vain would shun the withering tomb,
Where nought is bright and nought is fair,
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

Bright blossom! of immortal bloom,
Of fadeless hue, and sweet perfume:
Far in the desert's dreary waste,
In lone, neglected beauty placed,
Let others seek the blushing bower,
And cull the frail and fading flower,
But I'll to dreariest wilds repair,
If Sharon's deathless Rose be there.

When Nature's hand, with cunning care,
No more the opening bud shall rear,
But, hurled by heaven's avenging Sire,
Descends the earth's consuming fire,
And desolation's hurrying blast
O'er all the saddened scene hath past,
There is a clime for ever fair,
And Sharon's Rose shall flourish there.

F. BEASLY.

WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the
heather,
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer
weather—

I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty Hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image you, as in a dream,
Fair modest maidens, nursed in hamlets
small—

I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed, as in a queenly diadem!
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light ere while into the world came.
I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose, the speedwell's peeping eyes,
Our own blue bell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow
And thousands more of blessed forms and
dies—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
I often wish that I were one of you.
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—
I love you all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the
day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love !
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move ;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
I love ye all !

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching
wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side !
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell ;
And though the wordling, scorning, may de-
ride—

I love ye all.

R. NICOL.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs, and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

LONGFELLOW.

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